

WEEKLY

OCTOBER 11, 1954

# SPORTS

ILLUSTRATED



25 CENTS



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## MEMO FROM THE PUBLISHER

LAST week readers of SI were thoroughly and un sentimentally introduced to the unbeautiful possum, that old southern customer which now threatens to become a slightly mixed blessing in other parts of the country. This brings up John (Tex) O'Reilly, who made the presentation, and in earlier issues has appeared as chronicler of beavers, praying mantises, sequoias and whooping cranes.

The son of the colorful soldier of fortune who was the subject of Lowell Thomas's book, *Born to Raise Hell*, O'Reilly of West Texas began a career as a newspaperman in 1927 at the age of 21. Before this, he had moved swiftly through a galaxy of professions: cowpuncher, shepherd, apple picker, apple packer, printer, spray painter, teamster, soda jerk. But once in journalism he stayed, covered every conceivable story, from celebrities docking in New York to GIs landing on Omaha Beach; and as head of the New York *Herald Tribune's* Paris Bureau for three years, brandished a French which he describes as "poor but powerful."

Seasoned newspapermen are traditionally experts on human nature; O'Reilly is an expert on nature itself as well. He had not been a reporter long when his addiction to flora and fauna led him to haunt zoos, museums and aquariums. Writing on what he found there, he earned quick and lasting regard from the men who ran them. They discovered O'Reilly not only knew his subject but treated it without either the cuteness or the condescension under which they were bitterly accustomed to seeing it buried.

At various stages in his career O'Reilly has been flattened by a kangaroo, chased into a ladies' room by a leopard and forced to cross the sands of Sahara by camel, incidents which only strengthened his talent for not letting the lilies of the valley obscure the poison ivy—a talent which fits in well with our editors' intentions of presenting nature as it is, rather than as it is sometimes too sweetly painted.

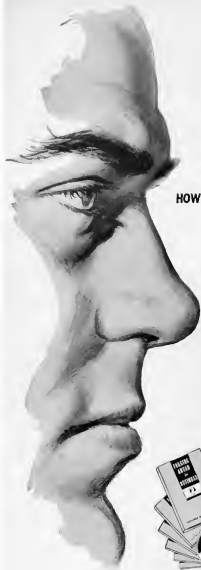
O'Reilly's country place in Pennsylvania is a source for many of his stories. It has horses and dogs and all the wildlife which lives on and about the pond. It has donkeys, which he is trying to raise for money—unsuccessfully, because the more they increase, the less he can bring himself to part with any. And in a tree there's a raccoon which salutes him brightly from high up in the branches whenever O'Reilly knocks on the trunk below.

Ever the reporter, O'Reilly found himself one night last August in a vacation-bare city room with a story breaking on a jewel robbery. Snorting like an old fire horse, he phoned a precinct station. "How did you get loose on crime, O'Reilly?" said the lieutenant at the other end. "You're supposed to be out with the animals and the woolly bears."

And he usually is.

*Harry Phillips*





## HOW TO SUCCEED WHILE YOU'RE STILL YOUNG

It surprises many people to learn that the average age of the men who respond to our advertisements is closer to forty than to twenty. But it's not hard to understand why this is true!

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Many a man wakes up with a start in his thirties or forties to find that his income has leveled off, and that promotions have ceased.

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Why does this pathetic pattern appear in so many promising careers?

The answer is simple: Sheer ability and energy can carry a man to the mid-way point in business... but only a thorough knowledge of business fundamentals can help him beyond that point.

If you realize that fact while time is still on your side—and act on it—you can succeed while you're still young.

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JIMMY JEMAL

JIMMY JEMAL'S

# HOTBOX

*The Question:* **Do competitive sports tend to make women less feminine?**

*The Answers:*



GINA LOLLOBRIGIDA  
ROME, ITALY  
MOVIE STAR

"Yes. A little sport is good. It makes a girl healthy and graceful. But hard sports are not good. They give women the big muscles. So

they do not look feminine. No? The big muscles maybe are good in the kitchen. But they are maybe not good in the evening gown. No?"



LOUIS A. R. PIERE  
PROVIDENCE, R.I.  
SPORTS ARENA OWNER

"I think so. Femininity thrives on masculine protection. A woman who can trade strokes on the tennis court with most men,

for instance, doesn't look like she needs protection—she can stand on her own feet. The one who can pin your ears back in a wrestling match isn't exactly a clinging vine."



MARILYN DIMAGGIO  
HOLLYWOOD, CALIF.  
MOVIE STAR

"Well, these women champions are very strong. I've always envied them their nice muscles. My husband smiles when I express

my admiration for these women. Then he adds: 'Would a man rather take a lovely bit of femininity in his arms or a bundle of muscles?' I'm perplexed. I don't know."



DAN FERRIS  
SAVILLE, N.Y.  
A.A.U. SECRETARY

"Hardly. Most girls in track and field events are small and cute. They can cry as readily as the clinging vine, particularly when they

lose. Years ago Eleanor Holm was disqualified by the Olympic Committee for drinking too much champagne. I did my best to comfort her while she cried."



JUNE BYERS  
COLUMBUS, OHIO  
WRESTLING CHAMPION

"What is femininity? I have a handsome 10-year-old son. I simply dote on him. I'm a loving wife and a good cook. I wear expensive clothes and luxurious furs. I own a \$5,000 Lincoln Capri. Each day I wear diamonds valued at \$30,000 because they always look so new. Am I feminine?"



JOE DIMAGGIO  
HOLLYWOOD, CALIF.  
EX-BASEBALL PLAYER

"No. I've seen many of the best women stars in competition. And I've talked with them at social functions. They are as feminine

as most women. Babe Didrikson, the greatest all-around woman star, is one of the finest women I have ever met. She has great courage, a feminine quality."



MILLCENT MCINTOSH  
NEW YORK, N.Y.  
EDUCATOR

"No. Most of the women athletes are as feminine as other women. Sports tend to give them poise, confidence and self-reliance, but

that doesn't lessen their femininity. The few who may not be feminine lack those qualities by nature, not because of any undesirable athletic influence."



JIMMY YOENG  
NEW YORK, N.Y.  
RESTAURATEUR

"Yes. To be feminine, a woman must be soft and lovely. In Old China, women had their feet bound. Feet remained small and the women did not get much exercise. So they remained soft and feminine. Feet are not bound any more. But big muscles are still for the women in the fields."



ESTELLE HOAGLAND  
PALM BEACH  
FORMER GOLF STAR

"No, You men are old-fashioned. You think that the clinging vine who stays at home is the true feminine type. Today American women compete with men in business, politics and sports. This doesn't lessen physical charm. It heightens women's zest for things, giving them more feminine appeal."



CLAUDE C. VICKREY  
NEW YORK, N.Y.  
INSURANCE BROKER

"It's true that the women champions are 'tournament tough.' But that doesn't apply to other women in sports. I play at the

Sleepy Hollow Country Club. We have many fine women golfers. And they're appealingly feminine. It's the same in other clubs. Without them clubs would be dull."



DONNA HALL  
VAN NUYS, CALIF.  
RODEO TRICK RIDER

"Yes, Hard sports really make a woman self-reliant. I've taken top honors riding horses. In Hollywood I doubled for the biggest

stars. There they call me the top stunt woman. When I want anything I get it without weeping or using feminine wiles, but I also get my share of wolf whistles."



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## PAT ON THE BACK

Herewith a salute from the editors to men and women of all ages who have fairly earned the good opinion of the world of sport, regardless of whether they have yet earned its tallest headlines



**RAY HILL, 22**, is a stalwart tackle for Texas Christian University and a man of probity. In the T.C.U.-Oklahoma game, Ray's testimony to his captain that an end-zone pass had touched ground before it was caught led T.C.U. to accept an "incomplete" ruling after the field judge had signaled touchdown. The touchdown, if allowed, might have made the upset of the week. Oklahoma won only 31-16.



**DANNY DRINNEN, 13**, is a real all-round athlete. A member of the Knoxville, Tenn. Little League Yankees, he led his league in hitting and fielding over the past two years, was unanimous choice for All-Star shortstop and is Midport Baseball Player of the Year. Danny has also won national and regional acclaim in football, swimming and track.



**HARRY REEVES, 44**, Detroit policeman, and **MRS. ALICE MATTHEWS, 36**, of Broomall, Pa. are national pistol champions for 1954. Reeves, who took up the pistol in 1936, won the men's title for the sixth time. He was world's all-round champion in 1949. Mrs. Matthews has been shooting for 12 years, holds about a dozen national records and has more than 250 trophies for excellence, most of them won with a .38. She is one of the few women in the country to have an instructor's pistol rating.





**BOBBY GOOSPEED**, 15-year-old high school junior from Wetumka, Okla., was named 1934 world champion all-round junior cowboy by the American Junior Rodeo Association. A devotee of Ray Rogers, western music and steeple, Bobby has been rodeoing "seriously" for two years. His father, Jess Goodspeed, is a former world champion professional calf roper. The all-round junior cowgirl is pretty **NATHALYNE KENORICK**, 16, a blonde, blue-eyed veteran of 12 years in rodeos who expects to continue in them "all my life." Nathalie prefers popular music (Eddie Fisher, Joel James), has a boyfriend ("I'm not exactly going steady") and dates on banana splits, "would eat them for breakfast" if her mother would let her. Nathalie lives outside Houston.



**SHIRLEY THOMAS** of Ottawa, Canada's leading showwoman at 19, completed a tour of Europe where she won trophies in Ireland and England and national titles in Belgium and The Netherlands. Shirley also loves flying, has 52 hours of solo time toward a pilot's license.



## "Careful, Don't Waste a Drop"

By Bob Dingwall

The 19th hole at our club is quite close to the 18th—which is a practical convenience though a trifle hazardous. A friend and I had just settled down to enjoy some Old Smuggler there one day when I suddenly noticed he was waving his drink wildly through the air. "Careful, Jim," I exclaimed, "don't waste a drop—that's Old Smuggler." I must confess I felt like a heel as soon as I realized the reason for his odd behavior was that a stray ball had landed on his head. But my words did bring him to in a hurry. Since then, instead of shouting "Fore" when they approach the 18th, many members call out, "Careful, don't waste a drop."

Careful, don't waste a drop...

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# FOOTBALL FOR ALL

The good old game of touch, with rules or without, provides football fun for everyone without the spills and skills demanded by the regular game

by DUANE DECKER

AUTUMN brings a lot of things along with it—the hard-to-forget smell of burning leaves, last year's windbreakers with the mothball hangover, and footballs spiraling through the windy gusts. Probably because not too many people are set up, physically, to play tackle football, a lot of others play a more modern version of the old game known as touch football.

That's a lucky thing, in a way, because any good player or coach will tell you that tackle football, to be played with the chips down, is a rugged grind. On the other hand, touch is a game invented purely for fun. And that's what it is, by the standard barrel.



may remember his name. He'd been All-American at Princeton the year before. Now, touch was his dish.

There's good reason for the growing popularity of this very safe but very exciting sport. In the first place it gives brittle-boned folk a chance to lug a football without the danger of winding up in the doctor's waiting room. Then too, it can be played by almost any number of people—any age and even any sex, for that matter—from two on a side on up. Not only that, nothing is needed except some old clothes and one inflated football. For touch, you can skip uniforms and protective equipment and chalk-marked fields.

In most corner-lot versions of touch there are very few hard and fast rules. Players tag a runner with a casual slap. They huddle and pull off Old No. 77, with two ends racing pell-mell down the field while the passer beaves one as close to a mile as he can make it. Occasionally they pull off a fancy deal in which basty blocks are thrown at the guys swarming in, while the runner tries to weave and swivel his way down the field. Nothing has to be learned. Nothing has to be studied. Nothing has to be analyzed. Because

this is just a game for the fun of it.

However, when the Army took up touch as a program, they laid out some rules which make it a little more systematic game. They couldn't be called "official" because there's no such thing in touch—it's a happily unofficial type of game. But the Army picked up some of the regulations laid out earlier by the colleges, and the way they wound up, in a loose fashion, the game got a sort of a pattern.

For instance, on the tagging, the Army version says that you should contact the runner with both hands and that you are supposed to make the contact somewhere between the waist and the shoulders. That makes it just a little harder and gives the ball carrier more of a chance against being tagged by accident or somebody just swiping at him as he goes by.

Then, if you go according to the Army book, your big touch has to be made while you've got at least one of your feet on the ground. A flying or diving touch is nixed by them because they claim it would be risky in a game played without a lot of pads and helmets.

On blocking, the big difference between touch and tackle is that in touch you can't use your hands at all—officially, anyway. You have to depend upon your shoulders and body. But

*continued on page 12*



There was a time, of course, when touch was kissed off by some of the early football diehards as a sort of sissy sport. But no more. That false taint was well erased by none other than the U.S. Army in the early days of World War II. They found that touch was a game which offered the best and the safest way to keep soldiers in trim. They also found that soldiers thought it was a swell game.

The Army wasn't alone in grabbing this corner-lot sport from the teenagers. Colleges took it up as an intramural athletic competition in quite a big way. At Harvard Business School, just a couple of years ago, one of the stars of the intramural league was a fellow named Dick Kazmaier. You



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outside of that you do the same kind of blocking that they do at Notre Dame or West Point—a straight drive block, a check block or a mousetrap block, otherwise called the part block.

But this is a game that is really a lot more fun if you don't get too technical about things. The wild and woolly forward passes and the dizzy dashes



around right end give everybody more sheer kicks than the heavily organized blocking plays. It's just that sort of free-for-all game in which nobody goes home with a broken heart because he lost.

There's another nice point in touch that gives it, actually, more dash than tackle. That is the fact that the runner doesn't need to hug the ball to his chest to prevent a fumble, since he's only going to get tagged—not smashed into—when he's corralled by the enemy. Also, there's a regulation football for touch that is a little bit smaller than the usual one and can be held



firmly, forward-pass fashion, even by undersized hands.

It's probably the craziness of the action in a game of touch that makes it such a good one. It can spring up as easily as a conversation and it can keep adding players, piling up scores of fantastic numbers, until the sun slowly starts to sink behind Sam's delicatessen. The twilight touch man is a sort of whirling dervish, twisting and darting like a trout who has just spotted a kingfisher above. But he's got the peace of mind that the trout hasn't—the worst that can happen to him is that he'll get tagged.

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**COVER:** A dedicated Oklahoma bandman

Photograph by JERRY COOKE

A football game without a band is like a hot dog without mustard (see *The Bands Play On*, p. 38). At the University of Oklahoma where they pride themselves on their gaudy, red-jacketed musicians, Photographer Jerry Cooke caught a trombone player hard at work, eyes dutifully fixed upon his bandleader.

*Acknowledgments on page 27*

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## IN NEXT WEEK'S ISSUE

THE MAN WHO  
ABOLISHED FOOTBALL...

... at the University of Chicago looks back and decides he was right. A provocative article by ROBERT M. HUTCHINS

ALL THE  
QUEEN'S HORSES

Elizabeth II, whose Landau will compete at Ascot, Nov. 3, has restored racing to its rightful royal place

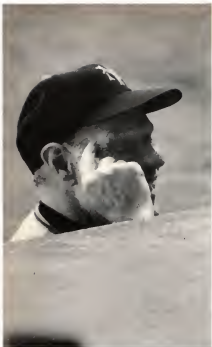
RIDING THE WAVES  
IN HAWAII

The great sport of the tropics, photographed IN COLOR by HY PERKIN

## PRIDE OF THE MIDWEST

Some of the greatest football players come from the heartland. Here they are IN COLOR by MARK KAUFFMAN

ALSO: A REVIEW OF SAILING AND PREVIEW OF HOCKEY



Manager Leo Durocher was a gleeful pixy during final game as his underdog National Leaguers captured



... while Indians' Al Lopez wore loser's look

## 1...2...3...4...

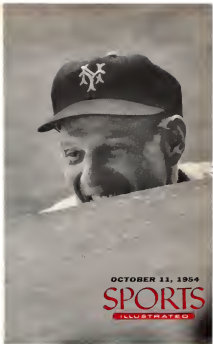
CLEVELAND

ONLY ONCE during the New York Giants' annihilation of the Cleveland Indians did Al Lopez, the Cleveland manager, permit himself the luxury of rage.

For four days Lopez suffered in reflected humiliation while the Giants swept the 1954 World Series from the Indians, four games to none. The sweep was an achievement baseball men had insisted was impossible. Bookmakers admitted it was possible, but rated the possibility at 22-to-1. Yet as the incredible victimized him, Al Lopez remained soft-spoken save for a single interlude after the second game when Early Wynn failed, when the Indian attack failed for the second time and when ultimate defeat became a clear and present danger.

Reporters were admitted to the visitors' clubhouse at the Polo Grounds five minutes after the second game ended. They gathered in a tight circle about Lopez. There were some good questions and some bad. At first Lopez answered in whispers.

"What was the turning point today?" one reporter asked.



Series with fourth straight—winning greatest prestige for the Giants since the days of John McGraw

PHOTOGRAPHS BY MARK KAUFFMAN

## & BINGO

by ROGER KAHN

"There wasn't any turning point," Lopez murmured.

"There's got to be a turning point," the reporter insisted. "What was it?"

"There wasn't any, I'm telling you," Lopez repeated, breaking out of a whisper.

"Was the turning point when Doby couldn't catch that ball Rhodes hit?" the reporter persisted thickly.

"Now goddam," Lopez shouted. "What are you trying to do. Ask your questions and answer them, too? Goddam. What are you trying to do?"

When the Series ended Saturday some reporters tried to plant in Lopez' mouth more words about a turning point. With considerable difficulty synthetic quotes were created. Actually, as Lopez knew, the 1954 World Series was without one single hinge. There were a great many points at which things turned against the Indians. To equate one against the other is to equate the destructiveness of a teaspoonful against a tablespoon of uranium.

The first game, which the Giants won 5 to 2, was a

Baseball experts gave the Giants only a slim chance to beat the Indians, but the Giants amazed the experts, the fans and undoubtedly themselves. Everything Leo Durocher tried worked

turning point because it had been generally assumed that Bob Lemon, Cleveland's starting pitcher, was stronger and better than the Giants' Sal Maglie.

The second game, which the Giants won 3-to-1, was a turning point because it had been generally assumed that Early Wynn, pitcher of three two-hit games in September, was unbeatable in a clutch.

The third game, which the Giants won 6-to-2, was a turning point because it had been generally assumed that the Indians were waiting to sandbag the Giants at Cleveland's Municipal Stadium.

The fourth game, which the Giants won 7-to-4, was a turning point because it had been generally assumed that the Indians would win the World Series.

In the first inning of the first game the Indians looked good. They scored two runs when Vic Wertz made the first of his eight hits, a triple to right center field that batted in Al Smith and Bobby Avila. Then the Indians, winners of more games than any American League team in history,

went into a miniature decline and fall. The Giants tied the score in the third inning. In the sixth, with Werts at third base, Jim Hegan bounced fiercely to Henry Thompson at third. Thompson fought the grounder with both hands until it surrendered (see pages 20-21). His throw to first base was in time by half a step.

"When that ball squirted away," Thompson said, "all I was thinking was I gotta get that son of a buck over to first base."

In the eighth inning, with two Indians on base and no one out, Vic Werts hit a ball 450 feet, where Willie Mays caught it (see pages 22-23). Never before had so unbelievable a catch been seen and disbelieved by so many.

"Was it real?" someone asked Al Dark, the Giants' captain, later.

"It was real," Dark said, as though he had only then convinced himself.

But there was at least one more turning point in that first game. With two Giants on base in the tenth inning, a high-living Southerner named Jim Rhodes pinch-hit for Monte Irvin and lifted a fly into the breeze that blew toward right field. Bobby Avila, Cleveland's second baseman, started back for the ball. A customer in the right-field stands muffed it. Three runs scored; the Giants had won.

Next afternoon at the Polo Grounds the crowd sagged below 50,000 and there were proportionately fewer turning points. Johnny Antonelli, the

Giants' young left-hander, made his first pitch a fast ball and Al Smith, Cleveland's young left fielder, hit the fast ball to the roof of the upper deck. Thereafter 13 Indians reached base and though none was observed biting dust, none scored, either.

Early Wynn pitched four perfect innings, then two Giants reached base and Rhodes again hit for Irvin. This time he pinch-popped a single to short center field beyond the reach of Larry Doby. The Indians were impaled on a sharp new turning point.

"He's a pretty fair hitter," said Giant Scout Tom Sheehan of Rhodes.

"He's a County Fair hitter. He goes up there and swings."

Then the Series moved to Cleveland where one score was caught with a sign showing. "Congratulations, Indians," the sign in the window read. "You're sitting on top of the world."

#### A BIG DEAD SALAMI

Lemon and Wynn had been beaten. Al Rosen, Cleveland's clean-up hitter, was crippled by a pulled leg muscle. Rosen sat down as Mike Garcia got up to pitch the third game. A 37-year-old veteran named Hank Majeski took over third base from Rosen. All season subs had come through for Cleveland, but by this time a great many points had turned. Majeski went hitless, Rhodes pinch-hit a two-run single, Ruben Gomez outpitched Garcia and the Indians were down three games.

"No sense waiting for the spring," Rosen said a day later as he prepared to go back to third base. "Lemon goes fine with two days' rest," said Al Lopez when someone wondered what had become of Bobby Felker.

A small left-hander named Don Liddle held the Indians while Lemon did not go fine and the Giants moved ahead, 7-to-0. Cleveland fought back too late when Majeski pinch-hit a three-run homer and when a rally knocked out Liddle for Hoyt Wilhelm in the seventh. Wilhelm stopped it, but another rally knocked him out for Antonelli with one out in the eighth. Johnny whipped a curve past Werts' bat for a second out. With two strikes on Wally Westlake, Antonelli tossed a change-up pitch and Westlake watched it drift over the plate. When he did so, Cleveland's hotelkeepers who had raised prices for rooms, barkeeps who had raised prices for drinks and Cleveland's fans who had wanted to see another game on Sunday, knew what the Indians knew, too. The Giants were in.

"A big dead salami," the Giants' Joe Garagiola shouted during the clubhouse celebration. "Johnny threw Westlake a big dead salami."

"The boys did it all," Manager Leo Durocher shouted.

"Leo," said a moist-eyed reporter. "You managed great."

"The boys did it all," Durocher said in normal tones.

"World Champions," Whitey Lockman, the first baseman, said quietly. "What do you know? But I bet they'd like another crack at us."

Big Jim Rhodes spoke for the majority. Big Jim stuck a cigar in his mouth. "Hey!" he shouted, "Where's the champagne?"

Afterward there came perspective and with perspective came questions. Were the Indians' 111 victories merely the reflection of a fairly good team in a terribly weak American League? Had Rosen's leg been sound and Larry Doby's shoulder uninjured, would there have been a struggle? Or were the Giants baseball's supreme opportunists, unbeatable always in 1954 because of a Mays catch, a Thompson stop or a Rhodes pinch-hit home run? The answers, if they exist at all, are as elusive as that single turning point the reporter tried to get from Al Lopez.

But one Giant official had all the answers he needed. "We didn't just beat Cleveland," he insisted. "We showed those Yankees up but good."

## THE GIST OF THE SERIES

### GIANT STAND-BYS

	G	A	B	R	H	2B	3B	HR	RBI	BB	SO	Bat. Avg.	PO	A	E	Fldg. Avg.
Lockman, 1b	4	18	2	2	0	0	0	0	1	2	111	.40	0	0	1,000	
Dark, ss	4	17	2	7	0	0	0	0	1	1	412	.72	12	1	.950	
Mueller, rf	4	16	4	7	0	0	0	1	0	1	384	.3	0	2	.690	
Mays, cf	4	14	4	4	1	0	0	3	4	1	286	.10	0	0	1,000	
Thompson, 3b	4	11	6	4	1	0	0	2	7	1	364	.5	11	0	1,000	
Irvin, if	4	9	1	2	1	0	0	2	0	2	222	.8	0	1	.880	
Rhodes, if	3	6	2	4	0	0	2	7	1	2	467	.4	0	0	1,000	
Williams, 2b	4	11	0	0	0	0	0	1	2	2	300	.10	9	1	.950	
Westrum, c	4	11	0	3	0	0	0	3	1	3	273	.23	0	0	1,000	

Team totals: Hitting .254, fielding .955, left on base 28.

### INDIAN STAND-BYS

	G	A	B	R	H	2B	3B	HR	RBI	BB	SO	Bat Avg.	PO	A	E	Fldg. Avg.
Smith, cf	4	14	2	3	0	0	1	2	2	2	214	.4	0	0	1,000	
Avila, 2b	4	15	1	2	0	0	0	0	2	1	133	.12	10	0	1,000	
Doby, cf	4	16	0	2	0	0	0	0	2	4	125	.7	0	0	1,000	
Rosen, 3b	3	12	0	3	0	0	0	0	1	0	250	.2	0	0	1,000	
Werts, 1b	4	16	2	8	2	1	1	3	2	2	590	.35	6	1	.975	
Phillips, rf	4	6	0	1	0	0	0	0	1	3	125	.1	0	0	1,000	
Majeski, 3b	4	6	1	1	0	0	1	3	0	1	167	.2	1	0	1,000	
Westlake, rf	2	7	0	1	0	0	0	0	1	3	143	.6	0	1	.857	
Dente, ss	3	3	1	0	0	0	0	0	1	0	500	.1	0	0	1,000	
Strickland, ss	3	9	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	2	400	.6	2	1	.933	
Hogan, c	4	13	1	2	1	0	0	0	1	1	154	.27	3	0	1,000	

Team totals: Hitting .190, fielding .913, left on base 37.

Dusty Rhodes after the last game: "Hey! Where's the champagne?"



**'IF HE HADN'T STAYED WITH IT . . .**



**Runner Wertz starts for plate while Thompson charges toward third for Hegan's sharp bouncer**



**The Giant third baseman makes a last grab for the ball, Umpire Stevens signals fair ball**

'... We would have won the game. That could have been the Series,' said Cleveland's Al Lopez, speaking of Henry Thompson's sensational first-game recovery of hard grounder which would have driven in tie-breaking run



Thompson fumbles the ball; it dribbles away from him and rolls into foul territory behind third



Determined Thompson whips his arm around for throw to first, in time to retire Hegan and side

## 'BEST CATCH I EVER SAW'

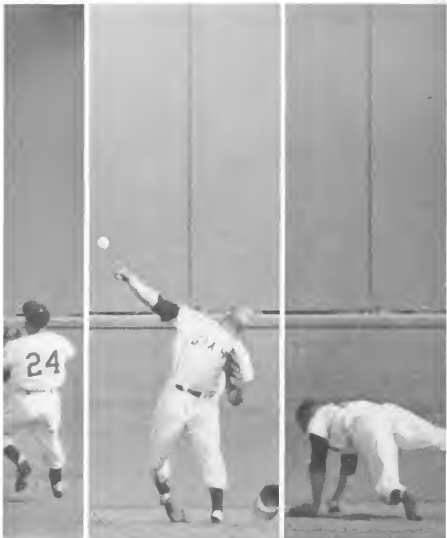
N.Y. Daily News from Gilboa



Mays turned back to home, jackrabbited toward fence, reached out to catch ball 450 feet from plate.



So said unhappy but admiring Al Lopez of Willie Mays's magnificent play which converted Vic Wertz's long high drive toward center field bleachers from extra-base hit into just another out, saved first game for Giants

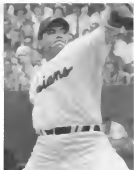


Willie pivoted out from under his cap, fired bulletlike throw to infield to prevent critical run

"They beat my three best pitchers," remarked Lopez. His best, Lemon, Wynn and Garcia won 65 games before Series, none from Giants whose pitchers averaged 1.46 earned runs



RIGHT-HANDER GÓMEZ WON THIRD GAME 6-2, GAVE ONLY FOUR HITS IN 7½ INNINGS



GARCIA: 5 IP; 6 H; 4 R; 0-1

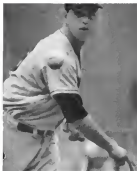


MAGLIE: 7 IP; 7 H; 2 R; 0-0

#### TOP HITTERS MISS



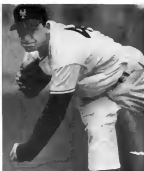
HERO DUSTY RHODES MISSED



WILHELM: 25 1/3 IP; 1 H; 0 R; 0-0



LEMON: 33 1/3 IP; 26 H; 11 R; 0-2



ANTONELLI: 30 1/3 IP; 9 H; 1 R; 1-0



WYNN: 7 IP; 4 H; 3 R; 0-1



LIDDLE: 7 IP; 5 H; 4 R; 1-0



GRISSOM: 25 IP; 1 H; 0 R; 1-0



OCCASIONALLY BUT WOUND UP HITTING LUSTY .667



VIC WERTZ STRUCK OUT HERE, STILL HIT .500

# FOOTBALL IS GETTING TOO VICIOUS

The great quarterback of the professional Cleveland Browns, Otto Graham, takes a look behind the color of night (opposite) and day (this page) and reports that more goes on than meets most spectators' eyes. The pressure to win at any cost is producing a trend toward some dirty tactics that may seriously damage the game itself

by OTTO GRAHAM



GRAHAM'S JAW WAS SLASHED IN 1953 GAME

I've been playing football more than half my life. It goes without saying that I love the game. And it is mostly because I do love football—playing it, watching it, knowing what a wonderful influence it can be in the lives of young boys and men—that I feel strongly the time has come to speak out about some of the things that are happening to the game, things that seem to me to threaten its very existence. The worst of them can be summed up in one sentence: Football is getting too vicious.

Vicious is a strong word, but it's the best one I can think of to describe what I mean. And I can assure you that this is not just my opinion. A lot of coaches, officials and spectators of professional, college and high school football share it with me, and I think most players will agree. They know from bitter experience that they have to play a much more cautious game than ever before.

## "GET THE BIG GUY"

I've tried to analyze what is happening in football, and I guess in the end it comes down to one thing: there's an increasing practice of trying to win the game by injuring the opponent's star players—their infallible place kicker, their best passer, their most spectacular runner, their exceptional pass receiver. And this isn't only in professional football. It's just as true of the college and high school game.

Once it starts, dirty football—there's no other word for it—can turn a game into a free-for-all. A player piles on after the tackle, smashes his knees into

the back of a man already down. Opposing players see their star carried from the field. The next play, they retaliate. And there's no stopping it. Men who have never played dirty football in their lives get mad enough to do almost anything. That's not football. It's mayhem.

I'm not suggesting that deliberately foul football is new. It isn't. But it has been increasing in recent years at a rate that worries a lot of people who love the game. My personal opinion is that the widespread use of the T formation since the early '40s is at least partly responsible.

Now, I realize I made my reputation as a T quarterback and that the offense has been a tremendous boon to the game. But the T brought with it a new kind of line blocking—the brush-block—and it's the brush-block that has led to a lot of easily hidden dirty work. The block is used where a lineman must check an opponent for a few seconds and then get downfield fast for another assignment. The lineman hits his man low, with his elbows wide and his hands in at the chest. But instead of driving his opponent out of the play,

he raises him out of a charging position by letting his own arms and shoulders slide upward along his body. The whole thing takes only a second or two, and the finished block leaves both men standing almost erect.

## WHEN A BRUSH IS A SANG

And that's where the trouble starts. It's a simple thing to follow through and let the fists, arms or elbows smash upward into the defensive man's face. Even if you want to play clean football, it's hard to keep your hands in close to your chest when you're brush-blocking. It's an almost natural movement to let them move out away from you as you rise. And for officials it is just about impossible to detect when the arms, fists or elbows are used illegally unless they watch a single block from beginning to end—something they rarely have time to do.

But brush-blocking and its abuse is only one symptom of what ails football. With it has come a growing use of fists, arms and elbows, mostly aimed at the face, the one unprotected part of a football player's body. It was an

*Text continued on page 50*

## NIGHT FOOTBALL IS A DAZZLING SPECTACLE

Blazing lights and fast action provide plenty of excitement for nighttime football fans during a Los Angeles Rams-New York Giants exhibition game in Portland, Ore. Although some abuses occur on the playing field (see text), the night game—as dramatized on the following pages—is still a great show. The first night football games were played nearly 50 years ago (SI, Aug. 30), and now many high school and college teams have joined the pros under the lights



Night game gives 25,776 fans in Portland's Multnomah Stadium a rare look at big-time professional football. Here they see New York Giants stopped in a pile-up at the Rams' line in attempt to rush from own goal





Winning Rams huddle under bright stadium lights



Official at line stick watches floodlit action



Giants try unsuccessful running play scant yards from Rams' goal. They managed only touchdown of their 30-40-7 defeat two plays later. Preseason games help pro teams financially, also help condition players



# SOUNDTRACK

## REHEARSAL IN NEW YORK ONE ENORMOUS 'O-O-O-O-H' RECESSIONAL IN CLEVELAND

### Say hey!

*SI went to its first World Series last week.*

### Fabulous

FOR THE PLAYERS, the World Series began to be real on Tuesday, the day before the first game. The regular season was, by then, really over. The heady elation that flooded the dressing room the day the pennant had been clinched was a memory. The satisfaction that came of reading the final standings (with the Yankees beaten, the Dodgers beaten, and the Indians and Giants forever in first place) was something that had been savored the day before, on Monday. Now, on Tuesday, practice was scheduled, the last, the only workout for the Series.

The Polo Grounds was soaked in bright, hot sun. The grass was as green and moist as spring. The players dressed in the high old clubhouse in center field, the Giants first, the Indians later, and came out into the strange, cheerful morning light a little shy, almost self-conscious. It was like the last rehearsal before opening night, on an empty stage before an empty house, with a throng of friends, well-wishers, publicity men and fellow professionals looking on. For one last time they ran through what they knew so well—how to hit, how to pitch, how to field.

For one actor the center of the stage, even in rehearsal, was where he liked to be, and the seats, though empty, were still a challenge. Dusty Rhodes, the Giants' pinch-hitting star, likes to stand at home plate and hit, even in an empty park. Rhodes has scant regard for fielding, even less for throwing and not too much for base running, except as it helps him to make base hits. "Baseball is hitting," Dusty Rhodes says. In batting practice he likes the pitcher to give him something he can wallop, like a nice, fat, fast ball. But this day, the day before the World Series began, with George Spencer pitching, Rhodes thought of the Series and the pitches he has trouble with. "George," he said, with some distaste, "flip me up one of them slow curves."

Later, with young Paul Giel throwing, Dusty stood in the spotlight again. The pace was a little quicker now, the pitcher throwing harder, the batter more intent. Though the batter might stay up for five or ten swings, both pitcher and batter were serious, acting as if this were real, that this ball and

that strike counted. Young Giel fooled Rhodes twice with a curve and a change-up and had, theoretically, two strikes on Dusty. Rhodes waited, his bat cocked, watching Giel. Out of the corner of his mouth he spoke softly to Joe Garagiola, the catcher the Giants bought from the Cubs in September. "Fast ball," he said knowingly. "Fast ball," Garagiola agreed sadly. Giel set himself and threw, trying to blow the ball past Rhodes. It was a fast ball. Rhodes, waiting, met it perfectly and hit it high and far into the empty seats in the upper stands in right. Garagiola stood and watched the flight of the ball. He looked admiringly at Rhodes. "Damn," he said. "That was always happening to the Cubs."

The next day it happened to the Indians. Something like it happened the day after, and the day after that. On the first day, after Rhodes had homered to win the first game of the Series for the Giants, Garagiola leaned against a trunk in the Giants' dressing room and shook his head. He was watching Rhodes as the photographers mobbed him, posing him this way and that, shouting and yelling at him, flashing light bulbs in his face.

"Fabulous," Joe Garagiola said, looking at Rhodes. "Fabulous."

### Rebirth at the Polo Grounds

For a half century Americans have engaged in a lamentable and self-conscious effort to restrain their proud national genius for vulgarity—a trait which, when it flourished free, made them veritable princes among men. Consider, for instance, that glittering symbol of the untrammelled human spirit, the polished brass goboon. What human gesture ever combined artistry and true aristocracy of mien so eloquently as that with which the devotee turned, sighted, allowed his eyelids to droop, fired and turned loftily away—as if the soul-satisfying clang and the silent admiration of his fellows were as nothing to the superior man? Where is



the goboon today? Buried in bubble gum and gentled admonitions from Emily Post; gone the way of the growler, the barroom nude, the direct editorial insult and the diamond stickpin.

But all, dear friends, is not lost. The baseball parks of the nation still shelter

and nurture vulgarity against the return of better days. It may be a sort of hothouse variety, limited, licensed and proof against social disapproval. (Mrs. Post herself could boo at Ebbe's Field if she chose the correct moment, and Amy Vanderbilt could get away with the owl's love cry, or Bronx cheer.) Nevertheless it lives on—as was heartily demonstrated at the Polo Grounds in New York in the fifth inning of the second game of the 1954 World Series last week.

A great deal of credit for the dramatic qualities of the fateful fifth must be given, at the outset, to Cleveland's Pitcher Early (Gus) Wynn, a man constructed by nature in the mold of the villain and one whom the 49,099 Giant fans in the big stadium loved to hate from the moment he stepped to the mound. Wynn is a black-haired, black-browed man with a back as broad as a beer wagon. He stares at batters with the same churlishness and contempt as Simon Legree exhibited when facing poor old Uncle Tom in 19th Century productions of *The Cabin of You Know Who*. By the fifth he could have stalked out of the dugout in black boots, flowing mustachios and bull whip, and no soul in the great assemblage would have noticed the change—Cleveland led, 1 to 0, and not a Giant had gotten to first base.

But in the fifth awful things began to happen to him. He walked Willie Mays. Thompson lined a single to right, sending Mays to third. Then, while the crowd rumbled with undisguised glee and defiance, Leo Durocher sent his peerless pinch hitter, James (Dusty) Rhodes to the plate to bat for Outfielder Monty Irvin. It was a genuinely lovely moment. Wynn, goaded to new ferocity by the ruin of his no-hitter, glared as horribly at his foe as if he proposed to cook and eat him for dinner. Rhodes responded, with consummate effrontery, by carefully crowding the plate.

Something had to give. Rhodes did, for Wynn quickly proved himself a man dedicated to the true spirit of American baseball. To put it delicately, he brushed the batter back with a close one. To put it specifically, he threw his fast ball at a point precisely between the batter's eyes and failed in cleanly decapitating him only by virtue of the victim's almost inhuman agility.

Was the crowd disturbed? Indeed not. It simply expelled one, enormous "o-o-o-o-h" of admiration at the logic

and beauty of the thing, and betrayed no hint of dismay at all until it discovered that its hero was obviously a shaken man as he rose numbly from the dirt. It sat silent as Rhodes waved limply at the next pitch and missed. But then it emitted such a howl of joy and gloating as must have echoed through the Colosseum when the lions were in good fettle and the captive virgins slow of foot. For Dusty had done it again—hit a blonger to the outfield, sent Mays home for the tying run, set up the Giants' victory and perhaps, as things turned out, even their Series sweep.

It was a sound rich with spontaneous, unsportsmanlike jeering and the howl of partisan delight—simple, direct, sweetly vulgar, and aimed without repression at the burly, discomfited tyrant on the mound. In the Cleveland dressing room, when the day was done, it was impossible not to feel genuinely sorry for Early Wynn as he sat slumped on a bench, a paper cup of beer in one hand, staring in awful silence at the wall. But no such delicacy of feeling filtered out into the park where knots of the more rabid Giant fans waited in the hope of booing the enemy once again.

Among those who leaned over the wall above the entrance to the Cleveland dressing room was a patient young lady from Spanish Harlem, done up in Sunday finery, be-carmmed with lipstick and fashionably a-jangle with beads and earrings. "Why," called a tired guard, craning upwards, "don't you just go home, lady? Game's over. Nothing's gonna happen now."

"I want," she cried, with a flash of pearly teeth, "to see that Early Wynn."

"Wynn ain't coming out for a long time," said the guard. "Go on home."

"I'll wait," she answered with a peal of chilling female laughter. "Wantin' see if that Early Wynn's still sweatin' from what Dusty done to 'em."

Who says the Republic is not still strong?

## No. 1 fan

THE TITLE of No. 1 fan at the World Series clearly belonged to a businessman from Denver named A. B. (for Albert Bernard) Hirschfeld, who saw his first Series in 1919, has seen 32 others since. Judging from Mr. Hirschfeld's enjoyment of this year's affair, they are getting better all the time.

Matter of fact, the first Series A.B. saw was the crooked one involving the notorious Chicago Black Sox. At the time, A.B. himself suspected nothing, but he wouldn't be likely to in the excitement of seeing his first Series from a \$2 seat in that now-vanished department of a ball park: the pavilion. A.B. was then a young apprentice printer in Denver. In the years between, he has risen to proprietorship of Denver's largest printing plant (built on the site

of the old ball park, with A.B.'s office smack in center field), has served 14 years in the Colorado legislature and is currently a director of the Denver ball club in the Western League.

"But, heck!" cried A.B., now bald, plump, pink-cheeked and 66, "that's all coincidental! Now I peek the Giants, although by rights I should be rooting for Cleveland because I was born in the good old Buckeye State. I'd like to string along with Lopez, but I can't. He's got no bench—and that's what will lick him."

This was on the eve of the first game and A.B. could hardly bear his happy anticipation. As the phone rang in his New York hotel room, he pounced on it and shouted into it: "Play ball!" The caller was one of A.B.'s friends who take a personal interest in seeing him maintain his World Series record. "A box for the second game?" exclaimed A.B. "Sure I want it! Send 'em right over!"

Mr. Hirschfeld has been forced to pay scalpers' prices only once since 1919. He didn't like to do it, but there was no other way. Now he does the best he can by writing in early, but he never worries if he is turned down. He comes on to the Series anyway and



HIRSCHFELD HAS A 1919 RAIN CHECK

somehow tickets are pressed on him by friends. "And I swear," said A.B., "it's all coincidental!"

At the ball park, A.B. is enthusiastic, but fairly restrained. He keeps score in a primitive way and cries out confidently to predict a play now and then. He has worked out an almost fool-proof system to avoid embarrassment for guessing wrong. If, say, he should cry out, "Williams will bunt here!" and then Davey Williams takes a cut at the ball, A.B. is ready with an almost monumental *non sequitur* as a cover-up. "Listen," he may exclaim, whirling on a neighbor, "give a thought to the umpires! Was there ever a breath of scandal connected

with those boys in blue? There was not!"

Hirschfeld is all fan. He never played a game of baseball in his life, mostly because he started to work at the age of 10. During the regular season, he never misses a home game of the Denver club. Even at 66 he is able to subsist almost entirely during the World Series on the fan's diet: hot dogs and soda pop. He lets no inconvenience dismay him; he even enjoys the New York subway jam after the game, conducting spirited nose-to-nose conversations with perfect strangers all the way downtown and exhibiting to them his rain check from the 1919 series.

It is the Hirschfeld ambition to run his string of World Series to 35. Then he plans to take his grandson, A.B. II, to the big show and turn the tradition over to him. He has already confided this scheme to his grandson, now 12, who had this comment: "Grandpa, you're a character!"

The greatest ballplayer A.B. has ever seen? Lou Gehrig. The greatest ball club? Those Chicago White Sox of 1919—before the Sox turned black.

## Picnic postponed

HENRY THOMPSON scudded over the foul line, almost awkward in his anxiety, and clutched the weak little pop foul. He jumped up and down in excitement, waved the ball over his head, ran over to Pitcher John Antonelli for a moment and then turned, still clutching the ball, and made for the Giant dugout. It was the third out of the ninth inning of the fourth game. The World Series was over. Cleveland had lost.

Under the grandstands a fat-faced hawkler held the price on miniature celluloid baseball dolls at a dollar.

"The Series is over," a prospective buyer said. "I'll give you half a buck."

The hawkler was impassive.

"You can't bargain with me," he said. "The price is a dollar."

"The Series is over," the buyer insisted. "When do you think you're going to sell them? Tomorrow?"

The hawkler looked away, his face still impassive.

"The price is a dollar," he said, almost sullenly.

It was difficult for anyone from out of town to understand the hawkler's attitude, but the city of Cleveland knew how he felt.

The elderly chambermaid in the Hotel Cleveland said, "Oh, it's too bad they couldn't have won today so there'd be a game tomorrow. So many folks had planned to go on Sunday."

The room clerks at the Cleveland and the Hollenden and the Manger and the other hotels knew how he felt. Only the day before, on Friday, their lobbies had been swollen with angry, shouting people, all of them fighting to get a room, any room, any size, any price. Now, on Saturday, the hotels were

suddenly emptying, guests leaving their hard-won rooms like feeding birds startled from a lawn. And Sunday, the big day, had not even come.

Everybody was leaving Cleveland. The railroad terminal was packed, long lines of people radiating from the semicircular Pullman counter. Airline offices were jammed, the clerks busy phoning back and forth from one line to another, looking for space. The Giants dressed hurriedly and left Cleveland Airport by plane less than three hours after the game. Everybody was leaving Cleveland.

The hawk with his dollar dolls, the room clerk with his empty rooms, the chambermaid with her disappointed friends, watched them go. They were Cleveland after the fourth game of the World Series. It was all over, everything was over, and the picnic was not supposed to be till Sunday.

### Thank you very much

**I**N their dressing room in Cleveland's Municipal Stadium after the final game, the New York Giants were mildly ecstatic. Not quite so ecstatic, perhaps, as the photographers endeavored to make them, but in reasonably good cheer. It was a happy time, people laughing, shouting, cheering, congratulating one another.

A few hundred feet to the south, in another part of the forest, Al Lopez, manager of the Cleveland Indians, sat quietly behind his desk in the small, bare, white room that serves as his office. A dozen or so reporters filed into the room and stood awkwardly around the desk. Those who knew Lopez well shook hands with him and murmured, "Sorry, Al," or, "Too bad, Al," or, "Tough, Al. I'm sorry." Lopez, his face heavy with weariness and defeat, his voice so low it was almost inaudible, answered, "Thank you, Dick. Thanks. Thank you. Thank you, Lou."

It was very quiet. No one seemed to know what to say. Someone asked him about the turning point of the Series. Lopez shrugged his shoulders.

Other questions were put, quiet questions, gentle questions. Lopez answered them, though he didn't seem to want to. He was very patient, very quiet, very tired, but very patient.

Did he think the Giants were that much better than the Indians, he was asked.

"That's hard to say," he answered. "They played like hell and we played the worst we did all season. Excuse me," he said. He stood up and came around the desk. Ford Frick, the Commissioner of Baseball, had come into the office.

"Not much I can say, Al," Frick said. "I know you did your best. You were beginning to come in that last game, but I guess it was too late then."

Lopez nodded.

"I guess it was," he said.

"Well, good luck, Al," Frick said. "Thank you," Lopez said. They shook hands and Frick left. Lopez sat down again and looked around patiently for more questions. A photographer came in and knelt by the front of the desk. He focused his camera, set his exposure and then he spoke, quietly, to Lopez, sitting behind the desk.

"Al," he said, "would you lean your head on your hand?"

Lopez leaned his head on his hand. Then he straightened up.

"That's not uncomfortable," he said. He grinned. "If you want a sad picture you shouldn't have any trouble. Not if I look like I feel." He grinned broadly and looked around at the others in the room. One or two smiled back, briefly. The photographer waited until Lopez' grin subsided and the wistful sadness returned.

Lopez answered a few more questions in the same quiet voice. Then he excused himself again and rose and came around the desk to speak to someone standing outside in the hall.

The reporters, almost on signal, filed out after him and went past him into the players' dressing room. One reporter went past Lopez, stopped and came back to him.

"Al," he said, "I'm awfully sorry you lost the Series."

They shook hands.

"Thank you," Lopez said. "Thank you very much."

### Happy man

**I**F the 1954 season really marked the end of Ted Williams' spectacular career in baseball, he can be remembered as one of the few ever to take his departure from the national sport in a private railroad car. The private Pullman was sent to Boston by Curtis M. Hutchins, president of Maine's Bangor & Aroostook Railroad (a rabid Williams fan but one who has yet to meet his hero) to start the Red Sox

star on the first lap of an autumn fishing trip; four hours after the final game was over, Williams and a half dozen fly rods were trundling luxuriously through the night toward the northern village of Presque Isle.

The next day the outfielder, and a handful of admiring Maine sportsmen, climbed aboard a plane chartered by their host-in-absentia—and flew to Fish River Lake, a five-mile stretch of forest-rimmed water accessible only by air. Then, for four days (Maine's trout season runs until Sept. 30th) Williams relaxed in an angler's paradise. He rose in his cabin at five each day, consumed astounding breakfasts (sample: two glasses of grapefruit juice, one whole trout, five flapjacks, two eggs, two freshly fried doughnuts and three cups of coffee) and launched a canoe in pursuit of fish.

There are few more able anglers in the U.S., and his flowing 80- and 90-foot casts left his colleagues gaping. Fishing only with dry flies, most of them tied on tiny No. 14 and No. 16 hooks, he landed a four-pound landlocked salmon and 15 bright brook trout all of which weighed more than two pounds. He carefully turned back those he did not need for food. These, however, were few—he ate trout for breakfast, trout chowder for lunch and trout for dinner each day.

Before the World Series began he made an astoundingly accurate prediction: that the Giants' Dusty Rhodes and Cleveland's Vic Wertz were the "Series sleepers." After the games began, he hung over the camp's cranky, battery-powered radio to hear the play-by-play. "Guess the kid knows how to pick," he beamed. "What did I tell you about that Rhodes and Wertz? Two good strong guys." His admiring colleagues asked him, as he packed up his rods to leave, when would he be coming north again. "Next June," said Ted, "for more fishing."

### HAIL AND FAREWELL



Hence twirlers, Texas Leaguers, Sox, Walks, balks, fouls, pitcher's box, Avast! shortstops, third basemen, flies, Strikes, balls, doubles, stealing tries!

Exit all such, admit pants tossed; Fullbacks, ends, yards gained, yards lost, Headgear, cleats, and T formations, Reverse, line plunge, tackling sensations.

Pack suits, socks, eggs in naphthalene, For sunny climes depart, to dream Of contracts fat, embodying raison, And next year's fans to sing your praises.

Arise cheerleaders, students, bucket-bender, Fight, team fight, for dear old Chandler, Pill, horseshoe sphere, hail and farewell, Come oblate spheroid and college yell!

H. M. Jaisack



# LISTENING TO THE FOXHOUND

by ED EVERETT

PHOTOGRAPHS BY HY PERKIN

**Fox hunting the Midwest way means listening to hound music in the night and matching dog against dog in three-day field trials**

**H**UNTERS in Troy, Mo. last week released 303 hounds in pursuit of game that the hunters candidly hoped their dogs would not be able to catch.

The quarry was the red fox, a smelly little animal that is no good to eat and not worth much for his fur—but invaluable to men who run him with dogs because he has excellent running gear, is cunning and even seems to like to be chased by hounds.

The hounds were American foxhounds and the occasion was the 15th annual field trial and bench show of the Midwest Fox Hunters Association,

the first big trial of the fall season. The hunters were horseless and there was not a pink coat among them. This was fox hunting Midwest style, with serious-faced farmers, denim- and wind-breaker-dressed, meeting at dawn on dew-soaked ground to pit their hounds against each other. Their purpose: to determine whose dog this day had the right to be called "best."

None of this—in Midwest-style fox-hunting trials—required "riding to hounds," cries of tally-ho or the running of a fox to ground. All that was necessary was a live scent and live

*Text continued on page 26*



HUNTERS AT TROY, MO. FIELD TRIALS



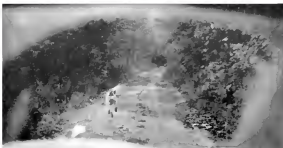
BY DAWN'S EARLY LIGHT—AND AUTO HEADLAMPS—JUDGES CHECK DOGS BEFORE TRIALS





STAND READY TO UNLEASH HOUNDS WHICH BECOME A CHARGING BLUR OF BLACK AND TAN AND WHITE AS CAST IS MADE (BELOW)





**BOUNDING HOUND**, released at start of trials and off in search of a scent, is

closely followed by judge in auto until trail leads off into the fields.



**A BOBBLE**, or bother, is what hunters call momentary check when scent is lost.

## FOXHOUNDS *continued*

hounds in good voice. Once the dogs set off on the search, the hunters settled themselves and cocked their ears to enjoy the chief aim of Midwest fox hunting: listening.

To the east a hound was crying fox. In silence the hunters stood listening, straining to identify the voices of their own hounds in the baying pack. In pick-up trucks and cars they sped to hilltop vantage points the better to hear the action. Only after hounds were out of hearing did the men break silence and praise and claim the "mouths" of their dogs with pride and authority. Then off to another point closer to the pack—now working the fox hard—to stand again in muted assemblage to hear that singing of dog voices which is music to a houndman.

Out in the 5,800-acre trial area of Cuyler River State Park, the dogs were left alone to hunt and drive for fox, unaided by the hunters but watched closely by 14 judges who scored and marked them for their ability to work and hunt.

### 100,000 NIGHT-HUNTERS

The English tradition of fox hunting is today carried on by a few hundred hunt clubs who ride to hounds for the joy of the chase on horseback, but the main body of the sport are the 100,000 night-hunters stretched across 25 states from the eastern seaboard south of Chicago to Texas—chiefly farmers with packs of 12 to 15 hounds, which they hunt at night for the pleasure of hearing the dogs giving tongue after a fox. Wherever men of the land have kept hound-dogs, there have been

arguments and contests, not about men and their ability to ride a horse after hounds, but about the dogs and which was the better hunter.

As early as 1866 hound contests were held in Kentucky and by 1889 arguments had waxed loud and long enough for the first organized field trial to be staged at Albany Hills, Maine. Slowly the sport of hunting hounds in competitive trials grew until in 1893 the National Foxhunters Association was formed. It is the association's National Championships which climaxes the season's sport now opening.

There had been good rain at Troy last week, and conditions were perfect. At the bench show preceding the trial, Tony Trigg III went best-in-show and School Girl best of opposite sex. They were bred and shown by Herbert O. Lamb, of New Albany, Ind., whose kennel produced last year's national bench champion. After three mornings of hard running in the field trials, Bobo Goodman, entered by Ed Wallack of Eureka, Mo., was named Midwest field champion, and Kate, owned by Spencer Morris of Stockport, Iowa, won the derby field, for hounds whelped after Jan. 1, 1953. Combination field and bench honors went to Faultless Hi

## HUNTER & HOUND TALK

**Far hunting, night style, borrow a fox or two from English tradition but also employ many of the own. A short glossary:**

**Babble:** To give tongue without having scented a fox. Bad trait.

**Backtracking:** Running the line of scent in the wrong direction—toward where the fox came from. Cardinal sin.

**Blowing off the hunt:** Calling in the hounds, usually with horns made from cattle or goat horns, at the end of hunting.

**The cast:** The act of releasing hounds for a day's running.

**Cry fox:** To bark in characteristic announcement of the scent of fox.

**Cutting:** Some hounds learn to anticipate the fox and leave the line of scent,

taking a short cut to where they think the fox will go. Another cardinal sin.

**Giving tongue:** To the uninitiated, more barking; to the hunter, the pulse-quickening music of hounds in pursuit.

**Marking in:** When a hound running alone catches the cry of a pack, rushes to join it, giving tongue.

**Sight race:** That rare chase in which hounds actually see the fox.

**Hound talk.** Hounds have their language too, understood by hounds, hunters and the fox. Hound voices—mouths, the hunters call them—come coarse and fine, and all shades between. Hounds howl, chirp and squeal, sometimes bay, according to their lights, but never "bark," at least not out of the kennel. To be appreciated fully, hound voices need to be heard in chorus.





**MOUNTED JUDGES** watch but do not aid dog trying to pick up fox's tracks.

Sailor, entered by Leo Schneider of La Crosse, Wis.

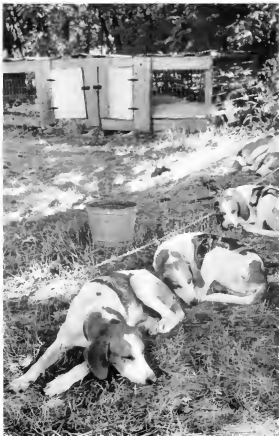
In the Midwest version, fox and hounds are seldom seen together, since the fox usually moves at least 100 or 200 yards ahead. The fox is seldom seen by the onlookers, who more often get to a crossing just after the fox than just before, and have the frustration of being told by someone, "You should have been here—he crossed just a moment ago."

This unlikely way of hunting has the virtue that the same animal may be hunted many times.

#### **THE TREASURED FOX**

The fox seems indeed to like to be chased, for a fox will often run six or seven hours, then lose the hounds completely in a maneuver that could just as well have been made hours earlier. Hunters often get "pet" foxes, foxes whose running habits are so consistent and distinctive that hunters know they are running him time after time.

The pet fox runs well, as a result of experience, and is practically a guarantee of a good race. Hunters treasure him. They view his inevitable passing with as much regret as that of a good hound.



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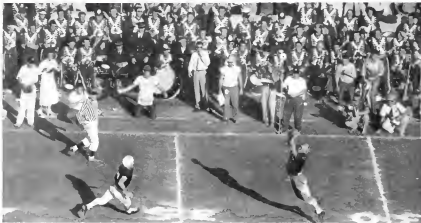
**BROADMOOR**  
*hotel*  
COLORADO SPRINGS,  
COLORADO



DRUM MAJORETTE, strutting her stuff at University of Tennessee, flaunts essential

requirement of her job: pretty knees which can resist the cruel bite of autumn winds.





DEJECTED OKLAHOMA BANDSMEN HAD FINE VIEW OF JOHNNY LATNER'S PASS INTERCEPTION IN 1953. NOTRE DAME WON, 21-21

## THE BANDS PLAY ON

Fancy-free and full of fanfare, football music fills the air with its magnificent manifestations of a martial mania as old as the game itself

by MARTIN KANE

THIS is the season of the college band, a phenomenon mothered by the need to cope with football stadium acoustics. No other music is loud enough. In days when mere hundreds huddled to watch football from flimsy wooden stands, or none at all, the students' well-meaning banjo and mandolin orchestras entertained spectators between halves. But the string ensembles, good enough for shedding tremolo tears about the college on the hill, have gone the way of the raccoon coat. They lacked both the volume required to entertain thousands and the brassy drive and thump a fight song needs.

### PLAY YOUR WAY THROUGH COLLEGE

The fight song was born with football, before which it was unnecessary. Now, at some colleges, a sousaphone player has almost as good a chance to win a scholarship as the halfback he went to school with. A mandolin player has no chance at all. College bandsmen at some schools get course credit for ten hours or so a week spent in playing and drilling the complex, picturesque formations required of them today. Co-eds go to college on baton-

twirling scholarships. What a baton-twirling co-ed needs most is pretty knees, which should also be chap-resistant.

The college band plays a limited repertoire. It will, for certain, do a sweetly pensive rendition of the Alma Mater and, for sure, a fight song. The Alma Mater lyric is likely to be founded on the poetry of a recently bygone day because that is when it was written. The odds are that there will be a reference to hill, valley, prairie or other topographical feature (example: *Where the Blue Ridge Yawns its Greatness—Clemson Agricultural College*) and to loyalty, memories and font of wisdom. The fight song calls on the football team to fight, very often by means which would get a player ruled out of the game. There is, for example, Northwestern University's "Wild Cat" Song, which closes: "Scratch 'em, bite 'em, claw 'em, fight 'em. Yow! Yow! Yow! Yow! Yow! Yow! YOW!"

In addition, there are boasting songs and drinking songs and if the singers were to live up to them they would be expelled. The elements of boasting, drinking and fighting are at times

blended into one full-throated song. A boasting-drinking song is likely to be a real rouser, like Georgia Tech's *Rum-blye' Wreck*, who is a hell of an engineer and drinks his whisky clear. The tune, from an old English drinking song, *Son of a Gunholer*, had previously been popular at Yale and some of the words are reminiscent of a ribald old ballad, *Bell-Bottom Trousers*. They say at Georgia Tech that the song was written about 1893 by a member of the football team en route to a game at Auburn, Alabama. No one seems to remember his name. He is presumably engineering somewhere.

### FAR ABOVE WHATEVER WATERS

A great many other college songs are derivative in one way or another. There is a bitterness between Syracuse and Cornell because Cornell's *Fur Afore Cayuga's Waters* is more famous than Syracuse's *Where the Vale of Onondaga*, though both are built on the same tune. The tune is *Annie Lisle*, a schmaltzy ballad of Civil War days. Well, *Annie Lisle* is also the tune of *Close Beside the Winding Cedars* (Michigan State), *Close Beside Cayahoga's*



England's popular Doctor Cary Middlecoff

Dr. Cary Middlecoff says:

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WITH MARTIAL PRESENCE, BANDMEN STEP OUT SMARTLY ON THE FIELD. HORNS BLARE,

### THE BANDS PLAY continued

Waters (University of Akron), *On the Shores of South Carolina (The Citadel)*, *Far Above the Walnut Valley* (Southwestern), *Living Symbol of Our City* (University of Toledo), *Midst the Mountains of the Westland* (Seattle Pacific), *Where the Hills of Pennsylvania* (Washington and Jefferson) and the aforementioned *Where the Blue Ridge Yarns Its Greatness*. Probably more besides.

Aside from the geographic features apparent in many Alma Mater lyrics, there is a recurrent totemism, due to the fact that so many colleges have picked panthers, lions, tigers and other formidable beasts as symbols of their prowess. Among the most impressive

are Texas Christian's *Horned Frogs*, We Are All for You, Georgia Tech's tender *My Yellow Jacket Girl*, and Rice Institute's *Owls! Awake and Sing*.

What is solemnly sung today as the official song of the University of Texas, *The Eyes of Texas*, began as a rib on the university president, William L. Prather, who tried to stop a commotion brought on by the appearance in town of Carry Nation. The lady was bent on axing a beer parlor near the campus. Borrowing, as he often did, from Robert E. Lee's "The eyes of the South are upon you," the president said:

"Remember, young men, wherever you are and wherever you may be, the eyes of Texas are upon you. You are expected to uphold her tradition and



CYMBALS CRASH—IN VICTORY OR DEFEAT.

not act as hoodlums and cheer this poor, deluded woman."

John Lang Sinclair, who had heard the phrase often enough as a student, picked it up for a 1903 University minstrel-show song which he wrote on the wrapping of a laundry bundle. It was a huge snicker to the students at the time, but as little as two years later, in 1905, the song had achieved its present dignity and was sung respectfully at the funeral of the president it parodied.

Among the oldest of football songs are the *Rutgers Foot-Ball Song* and Columbia's *Foot-Ball Song*, obviously written before anyone knew how to spell the game, let alone play it. They appear in a collection of college songs published in 1876, a time when the game was just emerging from soccer.



*No question about This*



"HOW WOULD YOU ANSWER  
THIS ONE, WHITEY?"



"YOU MEAN, WHY IS  
BLACK & WHITE THE  
WORLD'S FAVORITE SCOTCH WHISKY.  
BLACKIE? THAT'S EASY...ITS QUALITY  
AND CHARACTER NEVER CHANGE."

**"BLACK & WHITE"**

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**THE UNITED WAY  
A FAMILY AFFAIR**

Mother and Father, Brother and Sister... everybody benefits when everybody gives the united way.



GLOCKENSPEL ADDS TONE

**THE BANDS PLAY** *outland*

The Rutgers song gives an idea of the style of the period and even a notion of what the game was like:

"The kickers are all in their rival  
rows

With scarlet caps and scarlet hose;  
The word is given and off she goes  
And up with the bully foot-ball."

(For the Founding Game with Princeton in 1869, the first Intercollegiate game of foot-ball, which was then more like soccer, Rutgers players wore red turbans on their heads, and the school color became scarlet.)

Today's college bands, with shakoed drum majorettes by the dozen and ornate uniforms, are very little like the simply clad marchers who first serenaded team and stands. Ivy League costuming comes closest to what it was in the old days of the twenties. The Harvard band, which is rated musically as the best in the East and only to be

compared with Yale's, wears crimson coats and ties, white shirts, white trousers with crimson stripes, and no hats. At Yale the costume is dark-blue blazers, gray flannel trousers, white shoes, and again no hats. Princeton puts a touch of satire on Ivy League restraint by wearing straw boaters with orange-and-black bands as a topper to loud orange-and-black plaid jackets, black knit ties, gray flannel trousers and white buckskin shoes.

The Yale band has its memories, among them the time when Rudy Vallee, leading it during a Yale-Georgia game, swung into *Marching Through Georgia*. It was a Harvard man, however, who flung the grapefruit at Rudy while he was singing *Oh, Give Me Something to Remember You By*.

No matter where in this world a college man goes he is likely to be caught up short sometime by hearing his old school song sung or played in the most improbable places. Notre Dame's *Victory March* has been used by Chinese street merchants in Tientsin to demonstrate the quality of their violins. Marines sang it going in for beachhead landings in the Pacific. Capt. Trevor E. Hughes of the British 51st Highland Division heard it in a concentration camp at Lodz, Poland. On Wisconsin, which John Philip Sousa called "the finest college melody ever written," was carried to the Mexican border by Wisconsin National Guardsmen in 1916 and to Europe in World War I. It was written by two Hamilton College men, whose first version started: "Minnesota, Minnesota...."



ACROBATIC SANDY WIRTH HAS TWIRLING SCHOLARSHIP AT UNIVERSITY OF MIAMI

# NO SPORT FOR SISSIES

The violent upsets shown on this and following pages are not the sort of action spectators at the National Horse Show next month are likely to see. To riders and horses preparing for the elegant precision which the arena requires, however, they are normal hazards—and they show that mastering the delicate art of jumping thoroughbreds is a sport which is anything but tame

PA. HARRIS



**HORIZONTAL DIVE** over the neck of her wild-eyed mount Bay Boy sends Mrs. Robert McGusty flying after the gelding failed to

clear a jump. The spill didn't faze her, and she went on to further competition at the Rombout Horse Show in Poughkeepsie, N.Y.

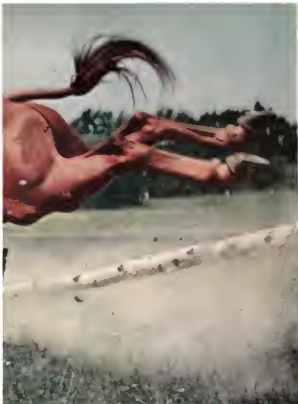


Carl Egan

**CHARGING THE BARRIER.** mis-named mount Lucky Lane, who refused jump at the last minute, sends young Judy Phentt of Toledo, Ohio, hurtling over on her own at Detroit Horse Show.



Carl Egan



**FEET FLYING,** D. Robert Moteh and his hunter Borcallis crash into the ground on their necks after a spill at Detroit Horse Show. Although carried off on a stretcher, Moteh was not badly injured.

**BITING THE DUST,** U.S. Pankid takes a rough spill at Bradford, Pa. Home Show. But rider Catherine Bromely kept her seat, regained control of her mount and was able to continue course.





**FLYING CARTWHEEL** is executed by Althea Knickerbocker as she is thrown over the head of her mount Sporting Chance at

the Greenwich Horse Show. Spectacular spill caused medics to rush to her aid, but luckily she suffered only loss of wind.



# "SO THERE I WAS . . ."

Having recently taken to the air, Bill Mauldin launches his new column on flying with the stirring tale of his first solo flight

by BILL MAULDIN

**A**N airplane pilot's first solo is supposed to combine the thrill of a ski jump, the satisfaction of crossing a new frontier and the exhilaration of a bird. It's an unforgettable experience, the old-timers will tell you; and they are so right. I'll never forget mine, anyway. It was on a Friday the 13th.

I was taxiing past the hangar for my fourth take-off of the afternoon, thinking I should have taken up boating, when my mentor unexpectedly opened the cabin door. He just wants fresh air, I thought, and kept moving.

"How can I get out if you don't stop the fool thing?" he growled.

I put on the brakes.

"You said a half hour today. We've still got 15 minutes."

"Well, you might as well use it up. You're paying for it," he said, stepping out.

Once, in my aggressive teens, I had courted a girl for several weeks, with steadily waning hopes, and all of a sudden had found her cooperative. Then, like now, I was surprised to the point of utter confusion.

"The hell with this," I said. "I'm not ready."

"If you want to sit here talking about it for 15 minutes, it's all right with me," the instructor said. "Idling engines save us gas." He walked away.

"But I've been overshooting all my landings lately!" I hollered after him. "You said so yourself."

"If you're not landed by dark we'll bring you down with a 12-gauge shotgun," he promised over his shoulder.

## BOOTED OUT OF THE NEST

So this is how they do it, I thought bitterly. No warning. Even a cold-blooded chicken hawk inches a fledgling out of the nest. He doesn't just boot it out with no choice but a good landing or a broken neck.

Well, I don't have to stand for it, I told myself, and so help me, I took off from the ground in that airplane with no thought but to get up in the air where I could think things over. If I



*The nearest I came to a birdlike feeling was when I stepped out of the contraption and almost went flat on my face . . .*

decided it was no good, I would simply come back and solo another day. The human mind can be shockingly stupid sometimes—and all of a sudden the ground was 50 feet below.

There was no birdlike feeling about this. All I remember is an incredible loneliness. No terrestrial predicament puts you so completely and awfully in your own hands as a solo flight in a little airplane. The doting relative, the generous friend, even the kindly stranger, have been pushed hopelessly beyond your reach.

"My gosh," I thought, "this is nothing but a form of temporary suicide."

The spasm of loneliness became so monumental that I began to feel almost ennobled by it and regretted its passing as I found myself automatically performing the little cockpit chores preparatory to landing. By the time I was on the ground I was really disappointed at how routine it had been.

"Congratulations," the instructor

said, coming up with a grin and sticking his hand out.

Oddly, my hand wouldn't come loose from the stick. I pried it free, finger by finger.

"Thanks," I said, only the word didn't come out. I reached to shake with him, lost my balance on the door sill and grabbed for the strut. My hand slipped off and I nearly went flat on my face in the dirt.

Now, as we walked to the office and my knees slowly turned from rubber to bone, I began to feel a sensation somewhat akin to exhilaration for the first time, and with it came a talking jag.

"... and the funny thing," I concluded at the end of a half hour's recital of the four-minute flight, to which the instructor listened patiently, this being part of his job, "the funny thing is that it was the best landing I ever made."

"It always is," he said. "I've never seen or heard of anybody making a bad one on the first solo."



## **SPORTING LOOK**

PHOTOGRAPHS BY TONI FRISSELL



**BLACK AND WHITE** tweed with bulky appearance is chosen for this closely fitted suit worn by Mrs. Henry Hiltson Jr. Accessories: chunky earrings, alligator bag.

**COLOR-FLECKED** brown tweed dress worn by Mrs. C. V. Whitney looks like suit with highline belt. Mrs. Whitney is speaking to Jockeys Rodriguez and Cangelinis.

# TWEEDS AT BELMONT

For fifty years the opening day at Belmont Park has brought out the first fall fashions in the East. This year there was no doubt about the favorite for suits and coats: tweeds—win, place and show

Opening day at Belmont Park was crisp and blue—perfect weather for new fall tweeds. Photographer Toni Frissell, mingling with the fashionable tide of spectators from grandstand to paddock between races, caught a surprisingly unanimous preference for light-surfaced tweeds in slim-line coats and suits, most of them only slightly fitted to the figure. Each wearer stamped her own personality on tweed. Fine-patterned tweeds were formally accessorized with jewelry of pearls and gold, and small hats of matching fabric. Nubby-surfaced tweeds were worn with big brilliant earrings, and no hats at all.



**FINE-PATTERN** herringbone suit worn by Mrs. Charlton Henry is elegantly teamed with pearl necklace, golden brooch and bracelets. Hat is of matching tweed.



**HERRINGBONE** tweed reeler coat, flecked with brown and white, is shown as Mrs. William C. Langley (Jane Pickens) turns from her seat in the Turf and Field Club boxes.



**NUBBY WHITE** longtweed coat worn by Mrs. Charles A. Barns is shaped by curving seams and has push-up belled sleeves.



**HARD-TO-SEE FOULS, WHICH GRAHAM SAYS INCREASINGLY MAR FOOTBALL, INCLUDE (FROM LEFT) FACE SLUGGING, ANKLE TWIST**

elbow that opened up my own lip and cheek in our 1953 game with the San Francisco 49ers. That blow made a deep gash that took 15 stitches to close.

To cope with the increased danger of playing football, many players, at least in the pro leagues, have begun to use some protection on their arms. You see shoulder pads that are built out to cover the upper arm, and a lot of players regularly tape cardboard adhesive rollers, split lengthwise, to their forearms before each game. These devices aren't weapons; they are for the protection of an arm that's used all day in blocking.

If you still have doubts, take a close look at the next professional team you see in action. You'll notice that almost all the linemen wear noseguards or masks. It isn't, as it used to be, because they are protecting injuries. It's because they don't want to be injured. You'll see more of this in pro ball than in high school and college games, but for two reasons only. The younger players haven't wised up yet, and there's a silly stigma against wearing a mask in high school or college unless you have been injured.

While you're taking that close look at a pro team, observe one other thing. Watch closely when a man is tackled; watch how quickly he covers his face with his free arm. That simple motion—covering up—has become almost a classic gesture in pro football in recent years. In the 49er game last year, I forgot to cover up and the fact that I was out of bounds made no difference. You have to be awake every second the way football is played these days.

Don't misunderstand me. I'm not bellyaching about rough treatment. I've been lucky. In 18 years of football I've had only a few injuries, none of them serious. But I'm concerned about the future of the game, and unless some of the unnecessary roughness and open viciousness stops, that future

looks black to me. Some of the kids you see carried from a field on Saturday and Sunday turn out on Monday to have been seriously hurt, and most of it is strictly unnecessary.

No one objects to tough, hard football. The fact is there are always fewer injuries when it's played that way by both teams. It's the extra swipe in the face, the extra twist of the ankle, the completely unnecessary piling on after a ball carrier is definitely down or out of bounds that I'm talking about.

#### **A FEW FOR THE MANY**

I don't want to sound as though all, or even most, players are dirty. I know for a fact they aren't. But in football, as in everything, there are always a few who won't play by the rules if they think they can get away with it. And with the tremendous emphasis on winning that exists today, there's an open invitation to those few to use any method, fair or foul, to win.

What can be done to stop this increasing emphasis on dirty football? In pro ball, there's one change that I think would make a big difference: get rid of the rule that allows a ball carrier to get up after being tackled. Adopt the college football dead-ball rule, and you'll put an immediate stop to some of the carnage that goes on in the name of "making sure he didn't get up."

In all football—professional, college and high school—I think the officials ought to clamp down and start calling every single infraction they see involving the illegal use of hands, arms and elbows. Make the penalty drastic. Throw the offenders out of the game. Some officials have been far too lax about this, perhaps because they're afraid of spooking things for the spectators. I've heard them say, "If I called all I saw, the game would take hours longer and there wouldn't be enough players on either team to finish it." That's an exaggeration, but even if it

does mean some dull games for a while, the kind of tightening up I'm talking about would result in better, cleaner and probably faster football for everyone once the players got the idea. And they'd get it, all right. In professional football, it costs money when you're thrown out of a game. In college and high school, it can be even more costly in terms of prestige with your fellow students.

I've actually seen a player swing at another and miss, and when the team complained to an official, the answer was, "He didn't hit him." For my dough, that's not important. The intent was obvious. That man should have been removed from the game.

But the picture is not all bad, and there are some good influences at work. The various all-star games are an example. In professional football, we've had a Pro Bowl game now for four years, and it has done more good than can ever be measured. You get to know personally the men you've been playing against all year. You play with them. And the chances are that next season when you're against them again you'll still play hard but it will be clean. You just don't go out and hit your friends in the face with an elbow.

#### **A GOOD SIDE TOO**

There are coaches and players who deserve credit too, for their own good influence. I remember one incident that happened to me five or six years ago when the Cleveland Browns played three games in eight days. It was a rough schedule. We played the New York Yankees in New York on Sunday, then flew all night to Los Angeles where we played the Dons on Thanksgiving Day. I was hurt in that game. My knee was twisted badly. And we still had another game with the 49ers in San Francisco on Sunday.

The morning of the San Francisco game, I could hardly walk. I had



AND KNEE JAMMED IN BACK, UPPERCUT AT TOP OF BRUSH BLOCK, AND KNEEING. ANY OF THEM CAN RESULT IN SERIOUS INJURY

soaked the knee in hot mineral baths but was still hobbling on the way to the stadium. Paul Brown, our coach, didn't want me to dress for the game but our trainer suggested taping my leg before I decided definitely. It felt a lot better with tape and I dressed to stay in reserve. In the first few minutes of play, I was needed and went into the game. I couldn't run, but I could drag my leg back fast enough to pass. I played the whole game, and we were lucky to win, 31-28.

After it was over, I found out that Buck Shaw, the 49ers' coach, had given his team specific orders to be careful of my knee. Thinking back, I remembered several times when it had been obvious. They could have ruined me if they had wanted to—and completely within the rules too. But even though it was a close game and they

were losing, they played it Buck Shaw's way. I've had a warm feeling for the 49ers ever since. And a special feeling for Buck Shaw. I think football—win or lose—should be played Shaw's way. Unfortunately, that kind of football is becoming more and more the exception instead of the rule.

#### THE EMOTIONAL APPROACH

I don't condemn any one person or group for the viciousness in modern football. It's not as simple as that. I know there are coaches who tell their players to "get so-and-so." Sometimes they specify that it must be by fair means. Sometimes they don't. It usually doesn't make much difference. The player-coach relationship, particularly in high school and college, is often an emotional one. When the coach says, "Get that man," you get him.

I know, also, that there are players who are consistently looking for a chance to do a little extra damage to an opponent when the officials aren't looking. But if you weeded out all those players and all the coaches, I'm not sure you would have solved the problem. The cause goes deeper than individuals. I think it goes down to something I mentioned a while back—today's tremendous overemphasis on winning.

Football has always been played to win; and that's right. But when the pressure to win begins to overshadow both the rules and the spirit of the game—as it does in many places today—I think it's going too far.

The pressure to win comes from many sources. In professional football, it comes from the fans and owners. In college, it is always the alumni who demand a winning team. Coaches know that their win-loss records are the important factor in holding their jobs. Players often are given athletic scholarships on a so-called "trial basis" with the obvious implication that they either produce or else. And there's pressure of another sort on both high school and college players from their fellow students. I know from my own experience that with most of the students, you're a hero when you're winning, and a bum when you lose.

But the coaches are perhaps in the worst spot of all. The pressure to win is on them constantly. They have to win to get ahead, to move, for example, from high school to college to professional coaching. They have to win just to keep their jobs, and yet there are always a dozen factors over which they have no control that can mean losses. Let's face it: for every winner there is a loser. Half the coaches are in trouble all the time. That kind of pressure is one reason I'll never coach, much as I'd like to remain in athletics after I retire from pro football.



"... Battered... B, as in Battered... U, as in unnecessary roughness... G, as in gouged... S, as in spiked... C, as in concussion..."

Many people believe that the solution to overemphasis on winning is de-emphasis of football itself, particularly on the college level. To me that doesn't make much more sense than doing away with football altogether. The problem isn't football; it's the overemphasis on winning. I think you can separate the two.

Football at many colleges has been decided as a big business. Well, what if it is? In many colleges football not only pays for itself but for all other athletics as well. It has kept alumni interested in their school, inspired them to give money for better buildings, larger faculties and a better educational program. But even if it did nothing more than provide a school with an exciting game on Saturday afternoons during the fall, I think it would be worthwhile.

I also see nothing wrong in giving college players athletic scholarships and a helping hand toward a job that will give them some money to live on.

When I was at Northwestern University, I had an athletic scholarship that gave me free tuition. I probably couldn't have gone to college without the scholarship. But I had to work, too. I waited table in exchange for meals, and the athletic department arranged various jobs for me that gave me \$32 a month for books and room. Football itself meant two to three hours of practice—rough practice—every afternoon after school. It meant the possibility of injuries. It meant that when I got home after practice I was often too tired to study. It meant that I couldn't, however much I might want to, get the most from my studies.

#### FAIR EXCHANGE

A lot of people have screamed about arrangements of this sort. I think they're wrong. Football is a part of college life at Northwestern, and a squad composed mostly of players who, like myself, were there on athletic scholarships, can give the students and alumni something they can be proud of. We packed the stadium and the school got the money. It also got the publicity, and the publicity brought in more students and more money. I think it was a fair and sensible arrangement for everybody—players, alumni and students.

To put it more strongly, it would be a mistake to de-emphasize football. Football is a good influence, not something to be curbed. But something must be done to curb the fantastic importance that is being placed on winning—winning at any cost. It's

the old question of ends and means. A victory can be no more decent or honorable than the means you use to achieve it. If you have to resort to viciousness to win, winning isn't worth it.

#### BACK TO FOOTBALL

Those are ideals, I know, and ideals are always hard to put into practice. But football already has rules, and it's up to the officials to enforce them—rigidly. Where the rules need changing—as in pro football where the college dead-ball rule ought to be adopted—let's change them. Let's remove the temptations to win at any cost. Let's take the pressure off coaches and players to win every game—or else. Let's realize that there are plenty of good teams that don't win every week. Let's get back to football, the way it should be played.

For the alternative is obvious. The quickest, surest way to kill football is to let this viciousness go on. It will degrade not only the coaches and the players but the game itself. I have no doubt that you can get a crowd—a paying crowd—to watch a dirty football game. But you can get a crowd to watch a dog fight, too.

I have two sons. Duane is 7½. David is 3½. I hope they'll both want to play football in high school and college, though I'll never urge them to. My wife Beverly and I decided when it came to naming them that we'd never name a son after me. We don't want our boys to feel any pressure to "be like Daddy."

But if they do want to play, both Beverly and I will be happy about it. We both think football is good for boys, and we think it's utter nonsense to worry about teen-age boys playing football when you let them drive the family car. For every high school boy who gets hurt on the football field, there are dozens hurt in auto accidents.

And football, I honestly believe can be an important part of a boy's life, even if he plays only in high school. The lessons you learn on the football field are the lessons of life. It may sound trite but it's none the less true. Sportsmanship, team play, give-and-take, learning to be a good loser and a gracious winner—they're all important values, values I want my sons to learn somewhere.

Beverly says that in her high school the boys who weren't out for sports in the afternoons too often hung around drug stores, and later, taverns. They learned to smoke and drink, some of them, and football frowns heavily on both. I still don't smoke or drink, and I think it's mainly the influence of my early days in football that is responsible.

But when and if my boys do play football—high school, college, or professional—I want them playing in games that are hard but cleanly played. There's just no room for the kind of roughhouse tactics that increasingly mar the good name of football. That's why I feel the time has come to speak out against it. That's why I hope my speaking out will do some good.

**FAMILY HUDDLE** at Graham home in Cleveland suburb Bay Village includes (from left) Duane, Otto, David, Beverly and Sandra.



# YOU SHOULD KNOW: if you're laying up a boat

## **The time has come**

SUMMER'S over, and it's time to lay your boat up for the winter. Be it a skiff or a luxury yacht, you've had a lot of fun with it; but now, unless you live in the deep South where boating is a year-round activity, you'll probably have to get it out of the water and give it some necessary care. There are 5,000,000 pleasure craft of all sizes and shapes in this country and most of them will be going into some kind of storage before winter sets in earnest.

## **When ...**

The time for lay-up in your area will depend primarily upon the weather but also on your insurance. We aren't meteorological experts, but insurance men who study weather with a view to marine policy limits usually write their policies for northern areas to cover the navigation period from May 1st to November 1st. Insurance costs for operating pleasure craft after that are expensive for most yachtsmen, so November 1st is probably your limit.

## **... and where**

If you own a big boat (35 feet or more over-all), your only recourse is a shipyard, where the necessary equipment—cranes, winches, rail sidings, etc.—is available. For smaller craft, many sailors do their own lay-up or get assistance from their yacht club at extra cost.

## **Cleaning and stripping**

Once your boat is out of the water, clean it right away. If you've been operating in salt water, hose the craft thoroughly with fresh water to get all the salt off. Scrub all surfaces with fresh water and detergent (regular soap is all right but must be completely rinsed off). Remove all loose articles and have them cleaned, dried and stored away in a dry but well-ventilated place.

## **Painting and covering**

To lengthen the life of your boat, it's best to give it a quick coat of marine bottom paint or linseed oil as a winter preservative as soon as you've cleaned and dried it. Varnish the bright work. Store your small craft upside down and off the ground to insure proper ventilation which will prevent rotting. If you keep it outside, cover the boat with canvas, tarpaulin or a good tar paper. A sturdy cover is absolutely necessary. It helps prevent weathering, including plank shrinkage that allows water to penetrate the wood if the hull becomes excessively dry. If you have a larger boat, an old waterproof cotton canvas sail or awning will do, but you'll be smart to invest in a made-to-measure cover by a sailmaker. Their cost (\$18 to \$25 a square yard, depending on locality and quality) is well worth it and they should last six or seven years in rugged winters. Have your cover made with vents for good air circulation. The canvas should be porous—not airtight—so the wood can "breathe." If you keep your boat indoors, a cover is advisable to keep the dust off.

## **Outboards**

Flush out the motor with fresh water and make sure it is clean, especially if you have been operating in salt water. Let the motor drain dry. Remove the spark plugs, put some oil in each cylinder and turn the motor over once to make sure the oil coats all parts and the cylinder wall. Store the motor in a warm, dry place, so that your ignition system will not rust or corrode. If you must store it in a cool or moist spot, remove the electrical parts and keep these warm and dry at all costs.

## **Sailboats ...**

Although it's not absolutely necessary, you'll do well to remove the mast, especially in a small boat. Store the mast in a dry place where it can lie flat for easy cleaning and will not be subject to strain and pressure. Beware of wet places where water can seep into it, freeze and cause a lot of damage. If your sailboat has removable parts, take them out for dry storage. Remove the centerboard (if you can) and inspect the pin for rust or wear. Take off the tiller and rudder. Examine rigging and gear for signs of weakness and heavy rust. Clean and lubricate yacht blocks (pulleys). Put lubricating jelly in all

*continued on next page*

## YOU SHOULD KNOW continued

roller bearings. Look over halyards, lines, pins and sheaves for wear. Replace worn wire rigging with new galvanized or stainless steel wire.

• • •

**... and sails** Get the salt out of your sails promptly by scrubbing with fresh water and detergent. Salty sails will wear, rot and attract rats. Cotton sails should be mildew-proofed at least every three years. Most sailmakers use a solution of sugar, lead and powdered alum for this and soak the sails in it for 24 hours. You can buy new mildew-proofing products and apply them yourself, or you can get a good sailmaker to clean and mildew-proof your sails for seven to 12 cents a square foot. Dry your sails after cleaning, fold and lay them flat and store them in a dry, airy place.

• • •

**The bigger babies** For larger craft, procedure is roughly the same, with a few added problems. Take good care of your upholstery and brass articles. Keep your cushions and mattresses dry and be sure to protect foam rubber from water or it will stay wet for weeks. In places where upholstery cannot be removed, use antimoisure bags (\$1.50 per pound). Use lubricating jelly to cover brass and chrome fixtures that must be left aboard during the winter. Empty your water tanks. Knock out bilge plugs, drain water and clean the bilge.

• • •

**Gas tanks ...** Be particularly careful about gasoline tanks. Some owners prefer to leave them filled during lay-up but the best advice is to empty and clean them completely. Remove combustible fumes by spraying carbon dioxide into the tanks. Spray it in slowly but thoroughly to displace all the gasoline fumes. Close all openings except an air vent—and be sure your pipe, cigar or cigaret is out!

• • •

**... and engine** The last time you run your boat, change your oil for spring, flushing the crankcase thoroughly. Don't let old oil stand in the engine over the winter. If you're operating in salt water, run fresh water through the water jackets. Drain jackets thoroughly. Then fill the cylinder block with alcohol, kerosene or permanent antifreeze. Some shipyards advise using the old oil you drained from your engine, or fuel oil. Then pour a little light engine oil (No. 10 or 20) in each cylinder through the spark plug hole and turn over the engine to lubricate the walls and guard against corrosion.

• • •

**Costs** Prices vary tremendously from one part of the country to another. In most shipyards, hauling costs about \$1 to \$3.50 per foot of over-all length for outside storage, up to \$8 a foot for inside storage. For a 28-footer, count on a day's work for lay-up at labor costs of about \$2 to \$4 an hour. Painting bottom and topsides of a 28-footer ranges from \$115 to \$200. In some yards, you can paint topsides yourself. There are other miscellaneous charges for lockers. It's an expensive job, but it's worth it. If you belong to a yacht club, you may get help to haul and store your boat. It costs anywhere from \$5 to hundreds per year to join. You'll do most of the lay-up work yourself, which will save you money. Small boat yards are still cheaper. They'll haul and store for as little as \$10 to \$20, but many are unreliable; a few are good.

• • •

**Courses and books** During the winter, you can enrich your knowledge with courses given by the U.S. Power Squadron or the U.S. Coast Guard Auxiliary. They are virtually free and give excellent instruction in boat handling, navigation and seamanship. Courses are given all over the country and they are well worthwhile. For lay-up details, some insurance companies offer decommissioning pamphlets, and for long winter nights buy a copy of *Piloting, Seamanship and Small Boat Handling* by Charles F. Chapman (*Motor Boating*, \$4), the bible for small boat owners.

See you on the water next spring!

by The Know-it-all



## BOWLING



### LOOK FOR LINDY

New Jersey's Faragalli may be best in the U.S. this year

by VICTOR KALMAN

THE MAN to watch for in the coming bowling season is Alfred (Lindy) Faragalli. Last year, at 42, Lindy rocketed out of obscurity to blaze a trail of records all across the East and establish himself as one of the top bowlers of the nation. The big question is whether he can keep up the pace or whether, like a rocket, he will fizzle and burn out.

Faragalli bowled for 23 years without attaining prominence beyond his home lanes in Paterson, N.J. But last year was his year. He led four teams to victory in four sectional leagues, including the Eastern All-Star Classic and the New York Metropolitan Major. For good measure, he captured the New York State all-events title.

The night that will probably be remembered longest was the Monday at Lodi, N.J. when he rolled 225, 300, 266—791, leading the Faber Cement Block five to a 1,324 game and 3,740 series. It was by far the highest score in the country last year and the third best in American Bowling Congress history. To prove it was no accident, Lindy came back two weeks later with 279, 267, 278—824, the nation's second-highest series.

#### BURSITIC BUT UNBOWED

Despite bursitis attacks which at times were so painful that he could hardly lift his bowling ball, this short (5 feet 6 inches), bull-shouldered, balding shipping foreman pounded the pins with machine-like regularity week after week to average an almost unbelievable 229 in one league and hit an

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## BOWLING continued

over-all season mark of 214. He bowled two perfect games during 1953-54, his fourth and fifth in league competition.

The record books are filled with bowlers who have gone wild in a sweepstakes, a tournament, or even through a season, only to lapse into mediocrity again. Either they failed to master the science of the game, or they lacked the health or fortitude to achieve greatness over the long haul.

Paragalli does not appear to fit into that king-for-a-day category. He rolls a powerful hook ball which scrambles the heaviest of pins. He "finds" an alley quickly and is at his best when he needs a strike in the last frame. He is by no means too old to retain top form. Andy Varipapa didn't win the first of his two U.S. match championships until he was 55.

Paragalli's team in the Eastern Classic might well be a threat for the U.S. crown this year. His team, as yet without a name, also includes Junie McMahon, two-time national titleholder; Graz Castellano, who defeated McMahon for the Long Island championship last summer in a thrilling match decided in the final game at Acme Casino in Great Neck; Lou Campi, an all-time Eastern great who was named on the second All-American team this year; and Carl (Skippy) Ruckert, a youngster who caused as big a sensation in Philadelphia last year as Lindy did in New York and New Jersey.

### CHIPPED BUT CONFIDENT

Castellano, for example, is the man who bowled 300 in the Eastern Classic, the first perfect game ever recorded before a television audience. He and Campi rolled with Paragalli on the record-breaking Faber team which won the Bergen County Major title, on the Krueger Beer quintet which captured first place in the Eastern Classic, and on the Wagner & Adler team which took home the Metropolitan Major championship.

Some experts were surprised when McMahon was selected to fill out the team. Junie was rolling below form last season and was generally believed to be on the downgrade. But there was a reason. It turned out that the big fellow from Fairlawn, N.J. had a chipped bone in the middle finger of his bowling hand. The finger was operated on successfully in August, and Junie is confident he will again be among the nation's top bowlers this year.

If Lindy holds his form, it could be a "dream team," even if bursitis makes it Paragalli's personal nightmare. But he is a tough man.

## BASEBALL

### ONE FOR THE RHODES

The redoubtable Giant slugger has ridden blithely through many a dusty situation

by RED SMITH



RED SMITH

WHEN Dusty Rhodes joined the Giants, the "book" on him read: "Good fast-ball hitter; throw change-of-pace." Last year the Giants made an exhibition tour to Japan. On his first time at bat, Rhodes struck out. The Japanese pitcher used a change-of-pace for the third strike. Rhodes strode back to the bench talking to himself.

"Dammit," he said. "If I was playin' at the North Pole, some stinkin' Eskimo would pop out of an igloo and say, 'Can't hit the change.'"

In the first game of the World Series last week, Rhodes won for the Giants with a three-run homer off Bob Lemon in the 10th inning. He hit a change-of-pace pitch. In the second game, having singled home the tying run in the fifth inning, he smashed a rousing home run in the seventh to make victory secure. The big hit was made on Early Wynn's knuckler, a variation of the change-up.

After that, Cleveland pitchers threw away the book and reverted to first principles. When Rhodes came up, they fired fast balls through the strike zone. The Giants, knowing their playmate, deemed this suicidal, yet after one more single that won the third game, Rhodes struck out twice on Ray Narleski's and Don Moss's hard stuff. Baseball is not an exact science.

James Lamar Rhodes was born May 13, 1927, in Mathews, Ala. but wearied of small-town life and moved to Rock Hill, S.C. He is a strapping six-footer with wide shoulders and a jutting jaw,

good-looking in a rather angular, faintly scowling fashion. In physique and manner of speech and deportment, he has reminded some of Van Lingle Mungo, a memorable Dodger pitcher of the '30s.

He speaks with a cornpone-and-sorghum accent but during the World Series he spoke little. Sportswriters covering the clubhouse found him monosyllabic, though he may only have been dazed by his own magnificence. After the second game he seemed grateful for the clamor of photographers yelling, "Just one more, Dusty," because they made a buffer between him and reporters.

When the cameramen were quiet at last, a writer contrasted Rhodes's muscular second home run with his flabby first one: "Well, nothing Chinese about this one, eh, Dusty?"

"Yeh," Dusty said heavily, "no chop suey."

The repartee might not win him 26 weeks at the Palace, yet in cooler times he's considered something of a comedian on the team, or at least an excellent straight man for Bobby Hofman, a wisecracker and accomplished bench jockey.

Hofman and Rhodes, who room together on trips, are founders and charter members of a semiserious society within the Giants, the Scabini. The name is Hofman's coinage, identifying the scrubs who skulk their summers away in the dank shade of the dugout. Bill Taylor is one of the Scabini, and when Ray Katt was catching most of the games, Wes Westrum was admitted to temporary membership. Joe Garagiola, the third-string catcher, was enthusiastically voted in on arrival from the Cubs.

#### "THE PITCHER'S GOT TO WORRY"

Rhodes could always swing a bat. He knew that when he was 19 and a scout named Bruce Hayes signed him for Nashville, and he expects enemy pitchers to know it. That's one reason why he's a good pinch batter (he made 45 such appearances for the Giants this

season and got 15 hits for an average of .333).

After his first World Series homer, reporters were asking how a fellow felt under the heavy responsibility a pinch batter must shoulder. Did he worry?

"Unh-unh," Rhodes said. "The pitchers got to worry about getting me out."

Starting in the minors in 1947, when he hit .326 for Hopkinsville in the Kitty League, he won a double reputation, as batsman and as a blithe spirit after dark. Because of the former, the Cubs bought him for a while; because of the latter, Chicago relinquished its claims.

In 1952 Rhodes was batting .347 for Nashville. He was growing up, a family man of 25 with two sons. The manager in Nashville was the fatherly Larry Gilbert, an understanding man who knows a thing or two about tempering boyish exuberance.

The Giants had a working agreement with Nashville. On Gilbert's recommendation, they paid \$25,000 for Rhodes. He has given them no trouble. Pitchers cannot say as much, especially those in Cleveland.

In baseball as in war, a man's reputation follows him around. The Giants' Leo Durocher and Horace Stoneham occasionally bear tales about Rhodes like those Abraham Lincoln heard of Gen. Ulysses S. Grant. They make the same answer Lincoln did.

#### OUT OF CHARACTER



#### GOOD STRAIGHT MEN

When Phil Regan introduced this team at a Saratoga benefit the fellow at the left had ridden more than 3,000 winners. His partner recently passed that mark. Only Sir Gordon Richards and Johnny Longden have hooded home more winners than:

Eddie Aronoff and Ted Atkinson

#### ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

2-Drawings by James Cursey, 4-top right, For Winner Conference, Indian, United Press; 7-top (2) James Coffey, 9, 12-Drawings by James Cursey, 14-bottom United Press; 26-United Press; 32-Cloyd Taylor-Danvers Post; 36, 39-Hy Press; 42-43-The School-Pix; 42-43-The School-Pix; 44-Mathews; 50, 51-Drawings by Bob Ryan; 52-Gaffey Brombach, Cleveland Plain Dealer; 57-New York Herald Tribune; 58-Burt Morgan; 60-62-Frank Lester; 64-Assorted Press, United Press; 65-Richard Mack, United Press; 66-Assorted Press, United Press; 68-The Hartford Courant, bottom Associated Press; 69-Assorted Press; 77-Chuck Smith-Chicago Tribune; 81-top, Alice Reed-Danvers; 84-Marlin Rosenfield; 85-Danvers Post; Los Angeles County Museum, Walter Davis; 86-left, Bob S. Holzer

## A FAREWELL AND A FUTURITY

The Dancer takes final bow at Belmont as the racing world's attention shifts to the Widener chute and Nashua.

by ALBION HUGHES

It was Indian Summer for Native Dancer last Saturday. In the warm October sunshine, with the haze settling over the backstretch at Belmont, the big gray horse took his last long look at a race track and the crowds which applauded him in his score of victories. The Dancer, loved perhaps as much for his one defeat in the Kentucky Derby as for his sensational triumphs, paraded past the stands at Belmont just before the Woodward. Eric Guerin, who rode him in his last but one of his starts, was up.

There is something about the farewell of a champion that pulls out all the sentimental stops. And there were moist eyes among the 33,000 who beat their palms as Native Dancer went by for the last time. Unlike proud Stymie, who in his goodbye to the races at Jamaica was led around the track by a groom, or sage old Exterminator, who made a return farewell in the Sarah Bernhardt in the 40s accompanied by his stable pony, Peanuts, cum groom, The Dancer seemed ready to run.

The big gray is at the farm now in Maryland, a favorite to the last.

#### PEOPLE'S CHOICE

This season has not yet produced a horse which has captured the imagination of the public as did The Dancer, but if Nashua keeps on winning down the Widener chute at Belmont he can't miss being the People's Choice.

The big two-year-old from Belair Stud may be the colt to give otagenarian Trainer "Sunny Jim" Fitzsimmons his first Futurity winner. For in the crazy chancelessness of racing, Mr. Fitz, with a handful of classics to his credit, has yet to have a two-year-old show the way down the chute. Maybe October 9th will be his day—and Nashua's.

In the Anticipation last Friday, a Futurity preview, Nashua equaled the track record of 1:08 1/2 for the six-furlong distance. Overtaking Clearwater Stable's Royal Coinage, who hadn't been to the races since he won the Saratoga Special Aug. 14th, he drew clear by an easy length.

Nashua's third chute victory will



THE GRAY AND GUERIN, an unbeatable combination in a great many races, get a salute from a sentimental Belmont crowd as they parade down the track for last time.

tend to narrow the field for the 65th running of the \$50,000 added Belmont Futurity. His chief opponent will certainly be Mrs. R. A. Firestone's Summer Tan, who broke a track record at Aqueduct in the Cowdin and beat Nashua to boot. Royal Coinage and C. V. Whitney's Pyrenees, who finished third in the Anticipation, are the other known dangerous contenders.

This is the first time in years I haven't been violently partisan. But up to now the two-year-olds have beaten each other with just enough consistency to keep me from going out on a limb. In fact it has been the only consistent thing about them. However there are good horsemen who, even after Nashua's record-equalling race last week, still go for Summer Tan. The Futurity is a maker of champions, so the outcome is of more than casual interest.

• • •

The first running of the \$50,000 added Woodward Stakes, a tribute to the late William Woodward, chairman of The Jockey Club, was an exciting affair which went to Ada L. Rice's Pet Bully, a six-year-old who had signified his approval of Belmont by winning the Fall Highweight Handicap down the chute opening day. Willie Hartuck, the sensational Jersey rider, piloted him each time and gave him a perfect ride again in the Woodward. It's quite a trick for a young (22) rider to win a big mile race with a sprinter carrying top weight.

Errard King and Fisherman counted themselves out of any serious consideration for three-year-old honors by getting nothing in this race, after being

soundly beaten by Martyr the other day. Mass psychology or something made Martyr the favorite in the Woodward. He got nowhere.

I like races such as the Woodward and the upcoming John B. Campbell Memorial at Bowie which closes the eastern season December 4th. These two stakes, both new this year, pay tribute to two men who served racing well. I like, too, the idea of a silver plaque listing his victories which was given to Native Dancer by George D. Widener, president of Belmont, last Saturday; the cup which was presented Atkinson on the occasion of his 3000th win; and the Baker Street Irregulars' annual outing at Aqueduct highlighted by their Silver Blazes Handicap. They remind one that racing is still a sport, and not just a business.

#### HIGH GUN'S BID

High Gun, winner of the Belmont Stakes, has been invited to be the first of the two American representatives in Laurel's International turf race in November. The committee of Washington-Baltimore newspapermen who pick the horses will choose a second American horse shortly. My selection would be Kuster or Cloosed Doce. As recently as last Thursday morning, Max Hirsch, trainer of High Gun, told me the horse had never even been tried on the grass. But he'll certainly go the distance and there is no reason why the turf should bother him.

He'll probably run in either the Lawrence Realization October 11th, or the Manhattan on Futurity day. A victory in either one would give him the three-year-old title.



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This pheasantlike bird, from a page in an imperial album belonging to Emperor Jahangir of India, was painted by a royal court slave named Muhammad.

**SPORT IN ART**

## AUDUBONS OF INDIA



Jewel tones of color and the grace of the bird sitting on a flowering bough are characteristic of the Mughal painting. The artist titled this "The Bee-Eater."

**D**URING the reign of Jahangir (1605-1627), one of the great Mughal emperors of India, the art of that land rose to a peak of decorative quality. Jahangir kept his court painters busy filling albums with scenes recording the story of his rule. Occasionally, since he had the genuine sportsman's love of nature, a study of an animal or bird appeared. A contemporary account of his interests, written by an Elizabethan Englishman visiting his court, says "he spends his afternoons watching elephant fights and other

sports." The four paintings on these pages are illuminations from imperial album pages now in the Freer Gallery of Art in Washington, D.C. Done in opaque color and gold on burnished paper they show the delicacy and affection with which the artists and their master regarded the colorful birds of their Asian world. Modern ornithologists question the pureness of species of the subjects, and it seems that often the painter's imagination overpowered his sense of authenticity, but for sheer beauty they are hardly equalled.



The spotted fork-tail, pictured here, is still found in Asia. A kind of thrush, he delighted the emperor with his song and flight. Borders of these paintings are laced with Persian verses.



The Griffon vulture was as familiar a sight to the Mughals as he is now. Both birds on this page were painted by Ustad Mansur. He was a slave at the court of Jahangir, according to the custom of the times, but was honored as an artist.



## BOXING

# A FAN FIGHTS BACK

In TV boxing, says this ringsider, there's too much turkey on the menu and someday wised-up fans may just turn off their sets

by BUDD SCHULBERG

IN THIS corner you find an incorrigible fight fan. My wife knows what a struggle it is to keep me away from a fight—I mean a good fight. I've flown from coast to coast—and wish I could again—to see Louis and Conn, or Armstrong and Ambers. But now and then, for all my 39 years of enthusiasm, I wonder if the boxing business isn't doing its best to discourage me. And when I say me, I may be talking for a whole school of fight fans who can tell the difference between a genuine match and a television turkey given away free with the cynicism that too often accompanies the gratis article. When you get a turkey for nothing you can't very well come back to the counter and tell the man the meat was a little tough or the bird a day too old. Boxing is rapidly being revolutionized into a television business—with approximately one paying customer to every 25 armchair TV viewers—and sooner or later they are going to need a spokesman or a champion to do battle for them against some of the mismatches that are palmed off on them as "fights."

### THE TV TAPWORM

One of the problems of television is that it is so much with us. It is not only a hungry giant but a Gargantua with an oversized tapeworm of an appetite. It devours comics and dramatic plots until the supply has got to run thin. And this same insatiability can result in fights which are hastily arranged between two men who have no business (except the beer business) being in the same ring together.

The first time Paddy DeMarco sprained his back or bumped his funny bone (or whatever it is he keeps doing every time he is about to fight that return match with ex-champion Jimmy Carter) they threw a stopgap into the ring with Carter in the person of Charley Riley. Now Riley is a pretty fair little featherweight who went about as far as he is going when he got knocked out by Willie Pep for the feather title back in 1950. Since then he has been knocked out by Percy Bassett, the

featherweight contender, and George Araujo, a clever lightweight now ranking 10th in his (and Carter's) division. Charley is no longer ranked even as a featherweight and to put him in with Carter—the hardest punching lightweight around when he wants to be—was inartistic, inhuman and indefensible. And the felony was compounded by TV and radio commentators shilling for the house and leasing the weight of a carefully censored ring record book on millions of innocent come-lately fight fans who haven't yet learned (but they may, Mr. Pabst, they may) to discriminate between a nine- and ten-dollar fistie bill.

When the DeMarco-Carter fight recently cancelled out for the second time, the show went on with Carter in a star role and Freddy (Babe) Herman tossed in as a last-minute understudy for the vanishing DeMarco. Babe Herman, a willing substitute on the I.B.C. list, qualified as an opponent for Carter by winning six of his 16 fights last year. He's been knocked out by Gordon House, Ramon Fuentes, Phil Kim, Art Aragon (twice), Sandy Saddler, Oscar Reyes. Oh, yes, and by Baby LeRoy (twice). Earlier this year—I think in his only fight of '54—he was knocked out in three by Carmen Fiore. That one had to be stopped because

Freddy, in his familiar role as a human sacrifice, "was visibly in distress... his right side temporarily paralyzed."

In the Carter fight this boxing bag with legs was almost knocked out in the first round, but either Babe is becoming increasingly immune to punishment or Jimmy, a surprisingly merciful man on occasion, remembered the Riley fiasco and decided to give the fans a show for their money (or in this case their time, since there were only 800 lonely souls in the enormous San Francisco Cow Palace). Anyway Jimmy pushed on to what the UP called "a methodical 10-round decision" with Carter having "the situation under control all the way."

Just because they are given away free, TV fights don't have to be turkeys. Teddy Brenner on his Monday night and Ray Arcel on Saturday have come up with consistently good matches and some sorely needed new talent, viz. Carmelo Costa, Cisco Andrade, Floyd Patterson and Frankie Ryff.

### BLOODY FOR CAUSE

Boxing was never intended as a sport for the tenderhearted. But as long as there are going to be bloody eyes and mashed noses, let them be mashed in legitimate contests. The kind of workout that Jimmy Carter and some others have been paid for lately belongs in the gym. The other day I was asked point-blank what line I was going to take on boxing, for or against. Naturally, I'm for. Otherwise, I wouldn't be here. The only thing is, I want boxing to be for me—and for the millions who, incorrigibly or corrigibly, want to see it flourish on TV as a sport and not as a beguiled substitute for the rasslers.



"Madison Square Garden—and step on it!"

# GAME OF THE WEEK: **DUKE 7 TENNESSEE 6**

by DON A. SCHANGHE

DURHAM, N.C.

COACH Harvey Robinson of Tennessee, who succeeded General Bob Neyland in 1953 and still seems to dwell in the famed old coach's shadow, thought he had it all figured out. "We figured Duke to go wide and to pass," he said after the game. But Duke did neither. Instead, split-T Quarterback Jerry Barger, who is ranked with Notre Dame's Ralph Guglielmi as one of the nation's best, called play after play through the Tennessee line, off right tackle and over the center.

## TENNESSEE READJUSTS TOO LATE

It was not until almost the end of the first period that Coach Robinson realized he had figured the Dukes wrong and readjusted his line to stop an 88-yard touchdown drive. But by then it was too late. Quarterback Seony Jurgensen, a sophomore who took over from Barger after Duke had ground down to the Tennessee 10-yard line, called for a quarterback option play (see *draw*) and pitched out to Halfback Bob Pascal, who ran wide around end for the touchdown. Jim Nelson kicked the extra point.

Late in the second quarter Duke marched downfield again, for 81 yards, and very nearly scored again. On the Tennessee four-yard line Halfback Fred Beasley, one of a half dozen Duke

second-stringers who appear every bit as good as the starters, took a pitch-out from Barger and went wide around right end. It was a clear path to the goal. It also was clear that Beasley, normally alert and reliable, did not have his mind on what he was doing. He juggled the ball and dropped it on the one-yard line. Tennessee recovered.

The Volunteers, deprived of injured Tailback Jimmy Wade, ran a single-wing offense that relied on substitute Tailback John (Drum) Majors. But Majors couldn't get his team moving until the beginning of the second half. Six plays after the kick-off, Majors and Fullback Tom Tracy had moved Tennessee from its own nine-yard line to Duke's 28. There Tracy took the ball from center and, the way cleared by an intricate double-team play that froze the right side of the Duke line (see *draw*), scooted 28 yards to a touchdown. Tracy, trying for the extra point, bent disconsolately toward the grass when the ball dribbled from his toe to the left of the goalposts. It was almost as if he knew then and there that the ball game was over.

But to the 30,000 fans, many of them Tennesseans who came in by bus, car and chartered plane to swelter in the 91° sun at horseshoe-shaped Duke Stadium, there were more thrills.

Duke drove from its own 31 to the Tennessee two-yard line late in the third period, but dropped another chance to score when Jerry Barger's pass to the end zone was intercepted by Tennessee Tailback Pat Olesinski. "It was the worst day for passing Barger's ever had," said Duke Coach Bill Murray. Barger attempted 10 passes, completed three.

## THE INEVITABLE QUESTION

Before the Tennessee game there was considerable talk about the apparent strength in depth that had enabled Duke the week before to destroy Pennsylvania, 52 to 0. The inevitable question: Was it Duke's strength or Pennsylvania's weakness? Tennessee clearly proved the latter, if Penn had not already done so by another huge loss, this time 27-7 to William and Mary.

But Coach Murray didn't seem disturbed by what his narrow victory over Tennessee proved. He never had thought the Volunteers would be easy to beat. After the game, Murray philosophized: "You think one game's tough as hell, but then you finish that and there's another one tougher."

He couldn't have been more right. Next week Duke meets Purdue, sharp and confident after drubbing mighty Notre Dame.

## UPSETS OF THE WEEK:

**PURDUE 27  
NOTRE DAME 14**



**TOUCHDOWN PASS** was grabbed by Purdue End John Kerr in first quarter despite efforts of Notre Dame's Jimmy Morse. Star

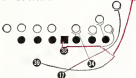


Quarterback Leonard Dawson (third from left) posed happily with teammates after throwing four scoring passes to upset Irish.

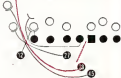


**DUKE VICTORY** was set up by such plays as this one when Fullback Worth (A Miller) Lutz plunged through the center of the Tennessee line. Tennessee Coach Robinson said he misjudged, expected Duke to sweep wide and to pass.

**DUKE'S SCORING PLAY**



**TENNESSEE'S SCORING PLAY**



Duke scored on wide sweep when Quarterback Jurgensen (36) took ball and skirted along line, faking hand-off to Halfback Bass (34), then pitching out to Halfback Fuesell (30) who went wide for touchdown.

Tennessee's double-team block of Duke tackle by left end and Wingback Sweeney (12), while Blocking Back Beutzel (27) took out Duke end, left hole for Fullback Tracy (33) led by Tailback Majors (45) to score.

#### **STANFORD 12 ILLINOIS 2**



**TOUCHDOWN LEAP** carried Stanford Fullback Bill Tarr clear of twisting pile-up of his own and Illinois linemen for first score. Stanford was 13-point underdog.

#### **Next week—RICE vs. WISCONSIN at Madison**

## **HICKMAN'S HUNCHES**

for

**Games of Saturday, Oct. 9th**

• **WISCONSIN vs. RICE.** The Badgers are still unscathed after meeting Marquette and Michigan State. The Owls have outthit Florida and Cornell easily. Whooo, Whooo—**WISCONSIN.**

• **PURDUE vs. DUKE.** The Blue Devils edged tough Tennessee 7-6. Purdue blanked Missouri 31-0 and stunned Notre Dame 27-14. This has to stop somewhere. **DUKE.**

• **TEXAS vs. OKLAHOMA.** Last week the Longhorns lambasted Washington State 40-14 while the Sooners rested. Texas is set but I will stick with the Sooners. **OKLAHOMA.**

• **STANFORD vs. NAVY.** Last Saturday the Indians scalped the Illini. The Navy is being rushed westward to quell the uprising after annihilating the Dartmouth Indians. **NAVY.**

• **SOUTHERN CAL vs. TEXAS CHRISTIAN.** The Hooped Frogs scared the Sooners two weeks ago and will do the same to Southern Cal. But the Trojans have too many horses. **SOUTHERN CAL.**

• **ILLINOIS vs. OHIO STATE.** Illinois has not shown good early-season form. The Buckeyes are waxing warmer each week. Away out on the limb... **ILLINOIS.**

• **PENN STATE vs. VIRGINIA.** Penn State beat Illinois and Syracuse on successive Saturdays. Virginia opened by defeating Lehigh and George Washington but the Nittany Lions are hungry for Cavalier blood. **PENN STATE.**

• **MICHIGAN vs. IOWA.** Sophomore Michigan succumbed to Army last Saturday and will repeat the same performance against the Hawkeyes this Saturday. **IOWA.**

• **WASHINGTON vs. U.C.L.A.** The Uclans won their "Rose Bowl" game against Maryland 12-7 to remain unbeaten and uninvited. The Huskies handled Oregon State 17-7. U.C.L.A. could be ripe for the upset but isn't. **U.C.L.A.**

• **VANDERBILT vs. MISSISSIPPI.** Ole Miss just keeps rollin' along. The Commodores don't have the manpower to stem the tide. **MISSISSIPPI.**

#### **ALSO:**

Minnesota over Northwestern  
Southern Methodist over Missouri  
Georgia Tech over L.S.U.  
Army over Dartmouth  
Cornell over Harvard  
California over Oregon  
Yale over Columbia  
Alabama over Tulsa  
Notre Dame over Pittsburgh  
West Virginia over George Washington  
Michigan State over Indiana  
Maryland over Wake Forest  
Mississippi State over Tulane  
Princeton over Pennsylvania

Last week's hunches:  
17 right, 6 wrong, 1 tie  
Record to date: 44-14-1

# FOOTBALL IN THE EAST

by HERMAN HICKMAN

## NEW HAVEN

THIS is the East. Fallen on evil years, perhaps, but here football was born, nurtured, and first reached maturity. Here legendary figures strode the gridiron, even before the turn of the century. Those of us who love football have a debt of gratitude to pay to the pioneers who paved the way for our great American game. Even this year, plagued by the no-spring-practice rule and rigid academic restrictions, the cradle of college football is not completely anemic.

Although I am a transplanted, and at times chauvinistic, Tennessean, there is nothing quite like an October Saturday afternoon in the still-glorious Yale Bowl. Critically, the teams may not have been the best but there were four touchdowns apiece and young Alva Kelley of Brown lost—because he had not been able to get the

foot in football—by the margin of two extra points, 24-26. The Mahans, the Billy Booses, the Booths, and the Garbischs may have looked with disdain at this defection in the kicking department, but the foot is not the integral part of the game that it once was (except when you lose by that margin). In fact Yale only punted once in the second half Saturday and Brown forgot to punt at all... Shades of Walter Camp, Percy Houghton and Tad Jones.

So much for history, past and recent. The Giants won the World Series and King Football starts his reign. Long live the King! And first by right of succession is the Ivy group.

**Yale.** The Bulldogs have a hard core of veterans supplemented by the finest sophomores in Yale's proud football history. Sophomore Dennis McGill is the finest outside runner since Al

Hessberg of the middle thirties. Dean Loucks, another neophyte, reared in the tradition of a father football coach, is a brilliant adjunct at quarterback. Jim Armstrong is a dependable senior halfback while Captain Thorne Shugart heads a line that has size and quality. Defensive prowess will improve immeasurably. Not until the Cornell game on October 16th will real contention be established.

**Cornell.** Although upset by a fine Colgate team in their opener and beaten by Rice, one of the nation's outstanding teams, last week 41 to 20, Cornell still has the wherewithal to cop the Ivy title. The Big Red has a dangerous returning backfield in Dick Meade, Dick Jackson, Bill DeGraaf and Guy Bedrossian. Len Oniskey has been one of the East's best defensive tackles for the past two years and practically stands alone in the front line. A strong big team with outside strength that should progress with the season.

**Princeton.** The fall of Princeton last season from national greatness is still inexplicable. Charley Caldwell's single-wing offensive maneuvers rank with the best. Few tailbacks surpass Royce Flippin, who ran for three touchdowns against Columbia last Saturday and passed for another. The Tigers' defense is still a question mark, although Captain John Henn at center is outstanding. Princeton could win the title.

**Brown.** Playing without the services of injured backfield stars Don Thompson, Dave Zucconi, Vit Piscuskas, and Captain Everett Pearson, the Bruins impressed me against Yale. Pete Kohut's passing and generalship were magnificent. Archie Williams at halfback has speed to spare. Jim McGuinness has few superiors at tackle in the East. Brown now stands one win (Columbia) and one loss (Yale). They have failed to make a single conversion. Nonetheless this should be their best year since 1949.

**Dartmouth.** The Big Green opened with a last-second 27-26 win over Holy Cross and last Saturday after battling Navy even for three quarters succumbed to a fourth period five touchdown assault by the Middies. Bill Beagle is a competent quarterback and

YALE'S MCGILL MAKES NINE AGAINST BROWN AS TEAMMATE HANSEN (20) NURDLES HIM





PRINCETON'S HALFBACK FRYE (46) BREAKS CLEAR OF COLUMBIA'S CORRAL AND BLACK (85) TO HELP TIGERS GAIN 54-20 VICTORY

Captain Lou Turner is a halfback of note. But the line from end to end is a doubtful quantity despite the influx of promising sophomores.

**Columbia.** The 1954 edition of the Lions is pretty much like all of Coach Lou Little's teams of the past decade: short on material but dangerous at any time. You can bet on one thing—they'll beat somebody that they aren't supposed to before the season is over. An injury to Bobby Mercier, their only really dangerous outside runner, has handicapped Columbia's attack thus far. Claude Benham, a sophomore quarterback, looks good enough to spell Dick Carr, the Lions' individual leader in ground gaining last season. Captain Neil Opdyke is an excellent guard.

**Harvard.** The Cantabs lost their opener to Massachusetts 7-13 and cannot hope to duplicate a fine 1953 record of six wins and two losses after graduating such outstanding backs as Dick Clusby and John Culver. The team is built around Guards Bill Meigs and Captain Tim Anderson, and three backs, Bob Cowles, Dexter Lewis and Frank White. Fair Harvard faces a disappointing season.

**Pennsylvania.** I have not attempted to rank the Quakers in the Ivy group hierarchy because they play only two teams, Princeton and Cornell, in league competition. The schedule, as last year, is awesome. The opening game was lost to Duke 9-52 and last Saturday they were the victims of William and Mary 7-27. More to follow. Hold-over regulars include Ends Jim Castle and John Lavin; Guard John Gurskie and Center George Trautman. Halfbacks Gary Scott and Walt Hynoski, a really fine little runner, also are re-

turned. Steve Sebo in his first year of coaching at Penn has his problems.

### THE LITTLE THREE

**Amherst.** The swashbuckling favorite of the East's ancient Little Three group. Experienced personnel abounds in 22 seasoned lettermen who are holdovers from an unbeaten campaign last fall. Coach John McLaughry, son of Dartmouth's tutor, has an enviable end in Bill Duffy, go-go-go backs such as Bob Kiesel and Al McLean, plus linemen two deep at every station. In the past four years Wesleyan has played tie games with Amherst, but indications are that this unique trend will not become permanent.

**Williams.** Sophomores will press experienced hands for starting assignments in the split-T operations of Coach Len Watters, but up front there are problems. Chief early season concern is finding adequate tackles. Jeff Smythe is a rabbit-gaited runner. Other names to remember are Mike Feltes, center; Ames and Ladd, guards. Victimized by Trinity's Charlie Siska in the opener, and Rochester last week, the Ephmen are still tied to the starting gate.

### SOUTHERN COMFORT

The honored name of Vanderbilt somehow was dropped from Herman Hickman's estimate of the Solid South (SI, Oct. 4). This is what Hickman wrote:

"VANDERBILT and Tulane, the only two private institutions in the S.E.C., just can't compete against the big state universities. However, Vanderbilt should be better than last year. Guard Pete Williams leads a competent corps of internal linemen."

**Wesleyan.** The youthful Cardinal squad which split even in 1953 should benefit from a year of experience. Hold-over backfield includes Rick Franelis, a distance chucker, and Dennis Denaault, a junior menace who is the best bet as a ground gainer. Inner line strength is in question, but if Coach Norm Daniels can develop the novices this could be a surprise club in the latter part of the season.

### THE YANKEE CONFERENCE

Off of Saturday's 33 to 7 thumping of Rhode Island, **New Hampshire's** all veteran team is the one to be overhauled by the rest of the pack in the race for Yankee Conference honors. All six of the teams in the circuit utilize T-formation variations and the best of the quarterback engineers is New Hampshire's poised Bill Pappas who flipped for all but 19 of his team's 427 aerial yards a year ago. **Rhode Island**, already a victor over Maine, played New Hampshire without the services of the injured Pat Abbruzzi, who in three previous seasons has amassed better than 1,000 yards rushing each year. **Connecticut**, playing such non-conference giants as Yale (0-27), Boston U. (13-41) and Holy Cross, is a possible, but doubtful breakthrough for the Bean Pot symbolic of the Yankee loop title. **Maine**, while not a conference threat, could be the league's spoiler, especially if End Kenny Woodsum can catch passes like his brother Ed, who, while a Yale senior two years ago, broke the Eli receiving records established by the fabulous Larry Kelley. Maine is predominantly a sopho-



**CUTTING LOOSE.** Trinity's Charlie Sileka heads for first of four touchdowns against Williams. A superb running back, Sileka last week led team to 28-14 win over Bowdoin.

more team, and a year away from championship contention.

### THE INDEPENDENTS

**Penn. State.** The cream of football in the East is the major independents, and in early October Penn State will have to be placed at the top of the bottle. The Nittany Lions stunned heralded Illinois in their opener and proceeded to defeat a good Syracuse team 13-0 last Saturday. Halfbacks Lenny Moore and Ron Younker have shown brilliantly. Rossey Grier, tackle, and Jim Garrity, end, are outstanding on a forward wall that is big and strong. Next big test is West Virginia on October 16. If they clear this hurdle, Penn State could go clean.

**Army.** Most experts bracketed the Cadets too high in preseason ranking and then underrated them after the

34-20 trouncing by South Carolina. The well-earned 26-7 victory over superb Michigan was not significant. Permanent ranking will be established against Duke in Durham, N.C. on October 16th. Mike Ziegler, Pat Uebel, and Tommy Bell, a 6-foot 190-pound sprinter, combine to make one of the finest backfields in the East. The line, supposedly weak, will be rugged.

**Navy.** Coach Eddie Erdelatz's Middies got off to a flying start by shutting out strong William and Mary 27-0 and with a mighty fourth-period surge defeated Dartmouth 42-7. Erdelatz has his 1953 starting backfield intact but the line has only two regular holdovers in Ron Beagle, end, and Guard Hugh Webster. Speedy Bob Craig at halfback has shown remarkable improvement. The Midshipmen meet surprising Stanford at Palo Alto this Saturday in a stern intersectional test.

**Colgate.** The Red Raiders from the Chenango Valley looked like a mediocre football team when their captain and all-East quarterback, Dick Lalla, came up with a leg ailment. Then what happened? A sophomore by the name of Guy Martin came on and pitched them to a 19-14 upset win over Cornell. Last Saturday, with Lalla back in the fold, they dumped Holy Cross 18-0. Frank Nardulli is a fine back. The line is powered by Milt Graham, end, Tackle Tom Powell and Guard Don Tomanek. Colgate could go a long way.

**Syracuse.** After throttling Villanova in the opener, the Orange lost 9-13 to Penn State last Saturday. Syracuse will not be as strong as last year's team which Coach Ben Schwartzwalder dubbed "the best team I've ever coached." Outstanding men are Ray Perkins, speedy and elusive 190-pound halfback; Bill Wetzel, returning fullback after two years in Korea; Paul



**IN THE CLEAR.** Lenny Moore, Penn State's speedster, outruns his tacklers for first touchdown against Syracuse. Moore is rated one of East's top backs on East's top team.

Slick at center and End Pete Schwert. **Boston University.** The Terriers should have their best team in several years. They are off to a running start with victories over Brandeis (33-0) and Connecticut (41-13). Coach Buff Donelli said his line would be thin, but Oh! Those Backs! Joe Terrasi, halfback; Sam Pino, fullback; and Tom Gastall, quarterback, are good.

**Holy Cross.** Dr. Eddie Anderson doesn't often have losing seasons but this could be it for the Crusaders. Beaten by Dartmouth in the last seconds and conquered by Colgate last week the Crusaders have more tough ones coming. Quarterback Jack Stephens and Captain Lou Hettinger at halfback have shown early season class.

**Boston College.** B.C. opened by beating Detroit 12-7 and last week took Temple 12-9. Their record should be improved with an easier schedule. The backs are working behind a strong line.

**Temple** has its strongest backfield in years with Halfbacks Tex Robinson and Ken Stout outstanding. **Fordham** beat Rutgers last Saturday 13-7 with Halfbacks Joe Palmieri and Andy Romeo showing the way. For **Rutgers** Halfback Steve Johnson carried the ball 16 times for 128 yards in the losing cause. The week before Rutgers was edged by Princeton 8-10. **Villanova**

is undermanned, overscheduled and has a complete new coaching staff. Their trail is a rough one. Little **Trinity** in Hartford, Conn. may not be classed as a major independent but should be. Implemented by 200-pound Fullback Charlie Steka, who may be the best in the East, Trinity opened by crushing Williams 38-0 and last Saturday took Bowdoin 28-14.

One game away from a perfect season last year, the **Delaware Blue Hens** could go unbeaten. They're off and running with strong wins over West Chester (40-6) and Lehigh (21-0). Little All-America Quarterback Don Miller is outstanding on a team which has ten of its starters returning. Steve Hokuf at **Lafayette** has cut down on his schedule and may improve on the 5-4 record of last year. A good line is led by Russ Hedden at center. Bill Leekosby at **Lehigh** is in a rebuilding year. Only eight lettermen returned and the squad includes 26 sophomores. John Muhlfield at tackle played on Lehigh's unbeaten 1950 team and is a welcome returnee from the Marines.

There is improvement at **Bucknell** under Coach Harry Lawrence after last year's unexpectedly poor 1-8 record. John Chironna at guard heads a group of 10 lettermen on the line.



**TOUCHDOWN SOUND.** Colgate's Frank Nardulli profits by fine blocking of teammate Milton Graham to race through Holy Cross line to first score of upset victory.

# COLUMN OF THE WEEK

# The Washington Post Times Herald

STATEMENT REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF AUGUST 24, 1912 AS AMENDED BY THE ACTS OF MARCH 2, 1932, AND JULY 2, 1946 (Title 39, United States Code, Section 223) SHOWING THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, AND CIRCULATION OF SPORTS ILLUSTRATED (published weekly at Chicago, Illinois, for October 11, 1954.)

1. The names and addresses of the publisher, business manager, and business editor are: Publisher, R. H. S. Phillips, Jr., 9 Rockefeller Plaza, New York, N. Y.; Editor-in-Chief, R. H. S. Phillips, Jr., 9 Rockefeller Plaza, New York, N. Y.; Managing Editor, R. L. Jones, 9 Rockefeller Plaza, New York, N. Y.; Business Manager, R. H. S. Phillips, Jr., 9 Rockefeller Plaza, New York, N. Y.

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5. The average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers since August 16, 1953, the official publication date was 55,526.

(Signed) Raymond B. Aronson, Jr.

Business Manager

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 22nd day of September, 1954.

(Signed) Solie A. McGovern

(My commission expires March 30, 1955)



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SPORTS ILLUSTRATED

BUT AN EASIER WAY TO GET IT EVERY WEEK IN THE YEAR IS TO WRITE, SPORTS ILLUSTRATED, 240 NORTH MICHIGAN AVENUE, CHICAGO 45, ILL.

The newly elected president of the Baseball Writers, Columnist Shirley Povich, advises Charley Dresen that he'll be up against austerity baseball with the Senators where the Griffiths still make the decisions



Each week SPORTS ILLUSTRATED will reprint an outstanding sports column from a daily newspaper. The writer will receive a prize of \$250.

CHARLEY DRESSEN is the new manager of the Washington Baseball Club, but it isn't clear yet whether he was signed or trapped. He put his signature to a two-year contract and there were happy smiles all around for the newswires, but how lasting they will be must remain a matter for speculation.

According to Dresen, he turned down two other managerial jobs in the majors and signed with the Griffiths willfully. If that is a sample of his astuteness, the Nats perhaps came up with the wrong man—a brave one of unchallenged valor but a rainbow-chaser who doesn't know the score in Washington.

## A LESSON TO LEARN

You could almost see the smirk on the face of Vice President Calvin Griffith when Dresen indicated to reporters that he, as the new manager, would be solidly enthroned in the Nats' organization, with a powerful voice in the buying of players and the development of the farm system. Dresen would be manager and virtually general manager, it was reported.

He'll learn. He'll learn that nobody runs the Washington ball club except the Griffiths. There's no interference with the manager on the field, but the manager makes no decisions otherwise. The front office is a tight little family affair and the managers can only make requests, never a demand. Whatever Dresen seeks, it must go through channels. The Griffiths aren't abdicating to anybody.

They went high for Dresen, with a \$35,000 salary figure as the best estimate in the absence of any official figure. There was a reason for it. The Griffiths were panicked. Dwindling attendance, increased muttering by Washington fans, no dividends in recent years goaded them into a kind of desperation. A colorful manager, even if he came high, was a device.

Dresen isn't walking into anything lush except the money he is getting for the job. The Nats haven't finished in

the first division in eight years. Their farm system is a joke. Their first-line talent is thin. Their bench is paltry. Bucky Harris worked a minor miracle to get them as close to the first division as they were. Dresen is taking over a club that doesn't figure to win one more game than it did the past season.

For a man inured to baseball operations on a top-drawer scale, Dresen could be quickly disabused. After all, he spent his last 16 years in the majors with the Yankees and Dodgers, where a manager had simply to indicate a need and up popped the finest talent from the minor leagues. Chattanooga, Charlotte and Hagerstown are not Kansas City, Montreal and Oakland, and Joe Cambria is not Paul Krichell.

For their money, the Griffiths are getting at least a type in Dresen. He's a real switch from the deep calm of Bucky Harris. Dresen has to be an exciting guy. He always was. He storms and rants in the Durocher tradition and he lights up a playing field with his frequent excursions onto the diamond, whether he's fretting with the umpires or jerking pitchers or talking to hitters or generally taking charge.

## TEST OF GENIUS

Dresen, it must be remembered, though, was no managerial success at Cincinnati where in four seasons his teams finished eighth, sixth, fifth and eighth. Like Casey Stengel, who was also a flop as a big-league manager until he hooked up with the right club, Dresen's success came later when he took over the Dodgers and won two pennants in three years.

Washington will test Dresen's genius. The stuff the Griffiths are giving him is not to be confused with his talent at Brooklyn. He can't walk into the front office and ask them to bring up Duke Snider from Montreal or Roy Campanella from St. Paul, or Carl Erskine from Fort Worth. Charley has just joined up with austerity baseball.





## SCOREBOARD

## A ROUNDUP OF THE WEEK'S NEWS

### RECORD BREAKERS

- **Jim (Dusty) Rhodes**, reserve left fielder for **New York Giants**, set seven World Series records for pinch-hitters as Giants beat Cleveland Indians in four straight games to win Series. Most significant: six runs driven in—highest total by pinch-hitter in 51-year history of World Series. Other records set:
  - Most Left on Bases, One Club, 4-Game Series—**Cleveland, A.L.**, 37 (old record, 33, by **New York, A.L.**, 1932 and 1950).
  - Most Bases on Balls, Pitcher, 4-Game Series—**Lesmon, Cleveland, A.L.**, 8 (old record, 6, held by five pitchers).
  - Most Bases on Balls, 4-Game Series—**Thompson, New York, N.L.**, 7 (old record, 5, by **Gehrig, New York, A.L.**, 1928).
  - Most Players Used, One Club, 4-Game Series—**Cleveland, A.L.**, 24 (old record, 21, by **Pittsburgh, N.L.**, 1927, and **Chicago, N.L.**, 1932).
  - Most Times Pinch-Hitter Used, Both Clubs, 4-Game Series—19: **Cleveland, A.L.**, 16; **New York, N.L.**, 3 (old mark, 9, by **Chicago, N.L.**, 8; **New York, A.L.**, 11; 1938).
  - Fewest Double Plays, Both Clubs, 4-Game Series—4: **New York, N.L.**, 2; **Cleveland, A.L.**, 2 (old record, 5; by **New York, A.L.**, 4; **Philadelphia, N.L.**, 1; 1950).
  - First Pinch-Hit Home Run to win World Series game, **Rhodes**, first game.
  - Largest Attendance, 4-Game Series—251,567 (old record, 201,895, by **New York, A.L.**, vs. **Pittsburgh, N.L.**, 1927).
  - Largest Share, Individual Players, Series—**New York, N.L.**, \$10,810, **Cleveland, A.L.**, \$6,457 (old record, **New York, A.L.**, \$3,230.63, **Brooklyn, N.L.**, \$6,178.42, 1938).
  - **Norbert Schenck** of Detroit set world weight lifting records for heavyweights with jerk of 418 pounds and combined lift (press, jerk and snatch) of 1,067 pounds during meet in Copenhagen.
  - During same meet, **Tommy Kono** of Sacramento, Calif. set world light-heavyweight record of 379½ pounds in jerk.
  - **George Byers Jr.** of Columbus, Ohio drove Miss DeSoto to third world record in month for 7-liter speedboats. Latest mark, set at Elizabeth City, N.C.: 115.4 mph.

### FOOTBALL

**SURPRISES**—In week's biggest upset, unranked **Purdue** beat **Notre Dame**, nation's top team, 27-14. Hero of day: **Len Dawson**, 19-year-old Purdue quarterback, who threw four touchdown passes, kicked three extra points and intercepted pass by **Ralph Guglielmi**, **Notre Dame** quarterback.

● **Stanford** pushed over two touchdowns in second quarter, then relied on defense to contain **Halfbacks Mickey Bates** and **J. C. Caroline** in defeating **Illinois**, 12-2.

● **Army**, apparently recovered from upset by **South Carolina** two weeks ago, held **Michigan** to 71 rushing yards, rolled up 263 of own to beat **Wolverines**, 26-7.

**SQUEAKERS**—**Duke**, 13-point favorite at opening kickoff, edged past **Tennessee** 7-6 on extra point by **Jim Nelson**, reserve guard.

● **Wisconsin** preseason title threat in **Big Ten**, pushed over single touchdown while **Michigan State**, in throes of substitution mix-up, had only 10 men on field. Final score: **Wisconsin** 6, **Michigan State** 0.

● In old-fashioned power contest, **U.C.L.A.** gained only six yards through passes but rolled up 225 yards on ground to beat **Maryland** 12-7 in intersectional game.

**PROCESSIONS**—**Dicky Moege**, 26-year-old halfback, made four touchdowns to lead **Rice** to 41-20 rout over **Conrad**.

● **West Virginia**, **Sugar Bowl** contender last year, opened season with impressive 26-6 victory over **South Carolina**.

### BASEBALL

**MINOR LEAGUES**—**Atlanta Crackers**, champions of Southern Association, swept final three games from **Houston Bulls**, **Texas League** titleholders, to win **Class AA Dixie Series**, four games to three.

**IN AND OUT**—**Freddie Hutchinson** resigned as manager of fifth-place **Detroit Tigers** when club owners offered him one-year contract instead of two-year commitment he requested. His replacement: **Rocky Harris**, who left manager's post of **Washington Senators** two weeks ago, on one-year basis.

### BOXING

**CHAMPIONS**—**Billy Kelly** of Northern Ireland won **British Empire** featherweight championship by outpointing **Ray Ankrab** of **West Africa** in 15-round bout at Belfast.

● **Duilio Loi**, Italy's European lightweight champion, won 15-round decision over **Mario Trips** of **Mexico** at Melbourne.

**CHALLENGERS**—**Willie Twest** of **South Africa** (brother to former titleholder **Vic**) moved into contention for world bantamweight title bout by outpointing **Henry**

(Pappy) **Gault** of **Spartanburg, S.C.** in 10-round bout at Johannesburg.

● **Al Andrews** of **Chicago** knocked out **Gil Turner** of **Philadelphia** with right to jaw after only 12 seconds of third round at Chicago.

● **Cornell Costa** of **Brooklyn** won 23rd fight of 26-bout career (including three draws) with split decision over **Gene Smith** of **Washington, D.C.**, in Brooklyn.

**NIRERIA DEPT.**—**Poland** beat **Russia** 16-4 in final of round-robin boxing competition at Sofia, Bulgaria.

● **Al Colombo**, co-trainer for **Rocky Marciano**, was suspended indefinitely by **New York State Athletic Commission** for "coaching from the corner" during Sept. 17th title bout with **Ezzard Charles**.

### GOLF

**THE LADIES**—**Frances Stephens**, defending champion, lost six-hole lead, was carried to 37th hole before she finally beat **Carle** Cup teammate, **Elizabeth Price**, for **British women's golf** title at **Woodhall Spa**.

● **Vernie Kirby**, 22, of **Hollywood, Fla.**, edged away after even-up morning round to beat **Polly Riley** of **Fort Worth, Texas**, one up, in **Women's Trans-Mississippi** golf tournament at **Thomasville, Ga.**

**ROYAL AND ANCIENT**—**Peter Thomson**, 25, of **Australia** defeated **John Fallon** of **Scotland** on 38th green to become first non-Englishman ever to win **British match-play** title at **St. Andrews** course in **Scotland**.

### SAILING

**LATE SEASON**—**Skippers** from **Royal Norwegian Yacht Club** scored 37½ points to 17 for **U.S. sailors** to win **Skool Trophy** series with three victories in four days of sailing at **Fort Washington, Pa.**

● Led by **Captain Tom Hazlehurst**, **Green University** piled up 168 points to win **Jack Wood dinghy trophy**, oldest cup in intercollegiate sailing competition.

### SPEEDBOAT RACING

**FAMILY STORY**—**Joseph L. Schoenitz's** **Gale V**, driven by son, **Lee**, took two firsts and a second to win **Elizabeth City, N.C.** **Gold Cup**. Second in **Gale IV**—**Wild Bill Cantrell**, winner of **President's Cup** Sept. 19.

### HORSE RACING

**CLIMAX**—**Mme. Jean Cocbery's** **Sica Boy** won **Prix de L'Arc de Triomphe** stakes, major feature of **French racing season**, by length over **M. J. Declon's** **Banana**.

**BELMONT**—In last major prep for **Belmont Futurity** Oct. 9th, **Belair Stud's** **Nashua** tied track record in winning **Anticipation** by length over **Clearwater Stable's** **Royal Coinage**. **Nashua's** time for six-furlong sprint: 1:08 1/5.

### FOOTBALL'S TOP TEN

(Tied at the Associated Press writers' poll)

Team standings, with points scored on a 10-9-8-7-6-5-4-3-2-1 basis (three-point vote in parentheses)

	Points
1- <b>Duke</b> (77)	1,345
2- <b>U.C.L.A.</b> (29)	1,245
3- <b>Wisconsin</b> (17)	1,044
4- <b>Iowa</b> (16)	1,073
5- <b>Purdue</b> (22)	1,036
6- <b>Duke</b> (3)	622
7- <b>Mississippi</b> (32)	543
8- <b>Notre Dame</b>	467
9- <b>Southern California</b>	297
10- <b>Ohio State</b> (3)	234

**ROUNDOFF**—11, **Rice** 270, 15, **Penn State** 245, 15, **Maryland** 145, 14, **Florida** (1) 145, 15, **Texas** 150



## COMING EVENTS

● TV ● NETWORK RADIO: ALL TIMES ARE E.S.T. EXCEPT WHEN OTHERWISE NOTED

### October 8 through 14

#### FRIDAY, OCTOBER 8

##### Boxing

- Harold Johnson vs. Billy Smith, light heavyweights, Arena, Philadelphia (10 rds.), 10 p.m. (NBC).

##### Football

- Boston University vs. Fordham, Boston (N)
- Miami vs. Holy Cross, Miami (N)
- S. California vs. T.C.U., Los Angeles (N).

##### Harness Racing

- Hawthorne Shoe Filly Stake, \$14,000, 3-yr.-old pacers, Lexington, Ky.

#### SATURDAY, OCTOBER 9

##### Boxing

- Oscar Andrade vs. Henry Davis, lightweights, Rochester, N.Y. (10 rds.), 9 p.m. (ABC).

##### Football

##### (Leading college games)

- EAST
  - Army vs. Dartmouth, West Point, N.Y.
  - Brown vs. Rhode Island, Providence, R.I.
  - Colgate vs. Rutgers, Hamilton, N.Y.
  - Columbia vs. Yale, New York
  - Cornell vs. Harvard, Ithaca, N.Y.
  - Penn State vs. Virginia, State College, Pa.
  - Pittsburgh vs. Notre Dame, Pittsburgh, I. 15 p.m. (ABC, Mutual)

##### FOOTBALL vs. Pennsylvania, Princeton, N.J.

- SOUTH & SOUTHWEST
  - Alabama vs. Tulsa, Tuscaloosa, Ala.
  - Asbury vs. Kentucky, Lexington, Ky. (N)
  - Georgia vs. N. Carolina, Chapel Hill, N.C.
  - Georgia Tech vs. LSU, Atlanta
  - Marshall vs. Wake Forest, Winston-Salem, N.C.
  - Mississippi vs. Vanderbilt, Nashville, Tenn. (N)
  - Mississippi St. vs. Tulane, New Orleans
  - Tennessee vs. Chattanooga, Knoxville, Tenn.
  - Texas vs. Oklahoma, Dallas, Tex.
  - Texas A. & M. vs. Houston, Houston, Tex. (N)

##### WEST

- Illinois vs. Ohio State, Champaign, Ill.
- Indiana vs. Michigan St., Bloomington, Ind.
- Iowa vs. Michigan, Ann Arbor, Mich.
- Kansas State vs. Nebraska, Lincoln, Neb.
- Minnesota vs. Northwestern, Minneapolis.
- Missouri vs. SMU, Columbia, Mo.
- Purdue vs. Duke, Lafayette, Ind.
- Wisconsin vs. Rice, Madison, Wis. 2:15 p.m. (ABC) Men to watch Wisconsin's Alan Ameche (35) and Rice's Dick Mungle (47)

##### FAR WEST

- California vs. Oregon, Berkeley, Calif.
- Oregon St. vs. Washington St., Pullman, Wash.
- Stanford vs. Navy, Palo Alto, Calif.
- U.C.L.A. vs. Washington, Seattle

##### (Professional)

- Philadelphia vs. Pittsburgh Philadelphia (N)
- Hamilton vs. Toronto, Hamilton, I. 4:55 p.m. (NBC)
- Ottawa vs. Montreal, Ottawa
- Vancouver vs. Calgary, Vancouver
- Winnipeg vs. Edmonton, Winnipeg

##### Hockey

- Detroit vs. New York, Detroit
- Montreal vs. Boston, Montreal
- Toronto vs. Chicago, Toronto

##### Horse Racing

- The Futurity, \$50,000, 6½ m., 2-yr.-olds, Belmont Pk., N.Y., 4 p.m. (CBS)
- Manhattan Handicap, \$30,000, 1½ m., 3-yr.-olds up, Belmont Pk., N.Y.
- Jersey Bull Stakes, \$25,000, 1¼ m., 3-yr.-old fillies, Garden State Pk., Camden, N.J.
- Hawthorne Juvenile Handicap, \$25,000, 6 f., 2-yr.-olds, Hawthorne Pk., Cicero, Ill.

##### Track & Field

- Natl. A.A.U. women's pentathlon, Cleveland.

#### SUNDAY, OCTOBER 10

##### Auto Racing

- NASCAR Sportsman 100-m. nat'l. championship, Langhorne, Pa.
- NASCAR 250 m. Grand Nat'l., Memphis

##### Football

- Chicago Bears vs. Baltimore, Chicago, 2 p.m. (ABC)
- Cleveland vs. Chicago Cards, Cleveland
- Detroit vs. Los Angeles, Detroit
- Green Bay vs. San Francisco, Milwaukee
- Washington vs. New York, Washington

##### Hockey

- Chicago vs. New York, Chicago

##### Track & Field

- Pentathlon world championship, Budapest

#### MONDAY, OCTOBER 11

##### Boxing

- Floyd Patterson vs. Esau Ferdyasov, light heavyweights, St. Nick's, N.Y. (8 rds.), 10 p.m. (Du Real)
- Bobby Dykes vs. Ted Olla, middleweights, Eastern Parkway, Brooklyn, N.Y. (10 rds.), 10 p.m. (ABC)

##### Dogs

- American Field Phalanx Dog Futurity & Nat'l Phalanx championship, Baldwinville, N.Y.

##### Football

- Calgary vs. Vancouver, Calgary
- Montreal vs. Ottawa, Montreal
- Pegua vs. Edmonton, Regina
- Toronto vs. Hamilton, Toronto

##### Harness Racing

- Two Futurity Preview, \$15,000, 2-yr.-old pacers, Yonkers Raceway, N.Y.

##### Hockey

- Boston vs. Montreal, Boston

##### Horse Racing

- Canadian Championship, \$25,000, 1½ m., 3-yr.-olds up, Long Branch, Ont.

#### TUESDAY, OCTOBER 12

##### Harness Racing

- W. N. Reynolds Stake, \$13,000, 3-yr.-old trotters, Winston-Salem, N.C.
- W. N. Reynolds Stake, \$12,000, 2-yr.-old pacers, Winston-Salem, N.C.

##### Horse Racing

- Ladies Handicap, \$50,000, 1½ m., 2-yr.-olds up, Eldon, Belmont Pk., N.Y.
- Ward Stakes, \$25,000, 1 m., 70 yds., 2-yr.-old fillies, Garden State Pk., Camden, N.J.

#### WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 13

##### Harness Racing

- W. N. Reynolds Stake, \$13,000, 2-yr.-old trotters, Winston-Salem, N.C.
- W. N. Reynolds Stake, \$12,000, 3-yr.-old pacers, Winston-Salem, N.C.

##### Hockey

- Montreal vs. Detroit, Montreal

#### THURSDAY, OCTOBER 14

##### Harness Racing

- Two Futurity Preview, \$15,000, 2-yr.-old trotters, Yonkers Raceway, N.Y.

##### Hockey

- Boston vs. New York, Boston

##### Steeplechase

- Grand Nat'l. Steeplechase Handicap, \$25,000, about 3 m., Belmont Pk., N.Y.



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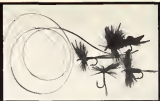
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# FISHERMAN'S CALENDAR

## KEY TO SYMBOLS

SO = season opened (for sport); SC = season closed (for sport); SV = season varies by district or water.  
C = clear water; D = water dirty or roily; M = water muddy.  
N = water at normal height; SH = slightly high; H = high; VH = very high; L = low; E = rising; F = falling.  
WTSO = water temperature 50°.  
FG = fishing good; FF = fishing fair; FP = fishing poor; OG = outlook good; OP = outlook poor.



A digest of last-minute reports from fishermen and other available sources

COMPILED BY ED ZERN

**BLACK BASS:** NEW YORK: Ashokan Reservoir bristled wide open last week with small-mouths herding minnows near surface and soaking spin-cups, bucktails and high-rising plugs (permit from N.Y. City Dept. of Water Supply required); OG through October. Chautauque Lake reports FG with bait and artificials; bug experts doing nicely at west end of lake. Cape Vincent bass are still in deep water but bass fishermen are taking limits on minnows.

**TENNESSEE:** Smallmouth fishing at season's peak on Norris Lake and OG rest of month; live bait most effective but cool weather should start surface plugs producing soon. Bigmouths are on rampage in Cherokee Lake and OG.

**MICHIGAN:** Meramec River VL, C FG especially with near-surface plugs but floating is difficult in upper reaches. Lower Garconade clearing with FG and OG through October.

**NEVADA:** Lake Mead low but bass fishing on upgrade; Boulder City and Overton docks make the new line as cooler nights start largemouths foraging; best spots are Temple Bar and Iceberg Canyon; OG through October.

**ONTARIO:** Provincial record for smallmouth bass fractured last week by nine-pound 13-ounce monster from Birch Lake in Kawartha Lake district as SC Oct. 16 in most waters.

**PENNSYLVANIA:** Pymatuning Reservoir producing well in Linerwater lake with evenings best and bass coming big and hungry for surface plugs. Half-inch rain freshened upper Allegheny River and OG next week; in smaller streams basses are clattering surface, driving plug-casters to bail. Best bets on North Branch of Susquehanna are Towanda, Wyand and Wyandale, with OG until SC Nov. 30; FF along entire length of main river but Turquoise bridge area (below New Cumberland) is producing a few worthwhile fish.

**MUSKELLUNGE:** MICHIGAN: FG on Lake St. Clair last week with top fish a 32-pounder.

**NEW YORK:** St. Lawrence River agent reports local farmer perch fishing with wife near Clayton hooked monster musky, played it three hours until wife got glimpse of estimated 50-pounder and said don't you dare bring that ugly thing into this boat, and husband said yes dear and broke off, but agent was evasive during cross examination. Fishing picking up in Cape Vincent area but fish smallish. Henry Landquist, 8, of Jamestown, landed 34-pound 48-inch Chautauque Lake muskies last week, weather still too mild for live-bait action, but OG and improving.

**WISCONSIN:** Lots of musky action in Hayward area on bucktails and sucker plugs but no fish over 25 pounds; lunkers laying low in Eagle River area but many muskies to 18 pounds reported from Rhineland area waters.

**PENNSYLVANIA:** Lake Le Boeuf still yielding muskies in 20-pound class; best bait in Allegheny River is a mile above and below mouth of Tionesta Creek (Forest County).

**WHALE:** NORTH CAROLINA: 15-foot baby stranded last Sunday in shallow surf at Duck Village near Kitty Hawk was bulldozed across dunes to Currituck Sound after van efforts to shove it back into deeper ocean water; mammal revived temporarily in brackish water but died after two hours.

**TROUT:** COLORADO: Yampa, Snake and Elk rivers (Steamboat Springs area) FG with flies, baits and hardware. OF: Buffalo and Rabbit Ears lakes. FF with flies and spinners. OF: Hayden area producing biggest trout, with 81-pounder weighed in last week; Scott, Geneva and Duck lakes L, C, FG with flies and bait. OF: Indian Creek L, C, FG for smallish fish. OF: 31 1/2-pound rainbow reported from Antero Reservoir with several five-pounders taken during last month, OG.

**SHAD:** FG in Salmon River and tributaries and OG next week; Snake River at Thousand Springs, Sun Valley area, Big and Little Wood report FG and OG; Lost River watershed is hot. Grouse Creek producing well on Monta Special J10 fished wet. Cagay Reservoir showing taking two- to three-pound trout from Hole River under Broadway bridge within city limits on single light-colored salmon eggs. OG throughout state for rest of month.

**MONTANA:** FG on warm days in Yellowstone, Madison, Big Hole and Missouri Rivers but weather is uncertain. Most successful flies are Adams, Quill Gordon, Light Cahill, #12 or smaller; OG on all warm days through October.

**CALIFORNIA:** Eastern brook trout fishing in High Sierra streams and lakes is stirring hot as crowds thin and spawners gobble wobblers, woollyworms and cluster eggs; all west slope waters delivering. Kern River above Durrewood producing big natives on streamers and hair flies; Mammoth Lakes chain best of still waters; June Lake best of roadside spots.

**ARIZONA:** Colorado River below Hoover Dam picking up as anglers snag outside rainbow on cluster eggs and doughballs. So help me.

**OREGON:** FG on Wickapack Reservoir on upper Deschutes River for rainbows and browns in five- to 10-pound class on flies or spin-cups trolled deep as SC Oct. 19. FG for rainbows to 15 inches in Metolius River in central state; fly fishing only on upper part.

**WASHINGTON:** Sea-run outthroats taking flies well in Stillaguamish, Skagit, Samish, Nooksack and Snohomish rivers and OG until SC Oct. 31; best patterns Carry Special, Green Shrimp.

**WALLEYED PIKE:** MINNESOTA: Best bets are Lake of the Woods, Rainy and Whitefish lakes as walleyes are striking freely.

**TENNESSEE:** 14-pound walleye from the Little Tennessee river was last week's top catch as trolls start tugging with big fish moving out of deep holes; OG through October.

**ONTARIO:** FG in Perry Sound section of Georgian Bay; excellent in western Lake Nipissing; fair in French River, Red Cedar Lake and Marten River reported in top condition.

**PENNSYLVANIA:** Allegheny River FF in usually productive Oil City—Franklin area eddies; OF but if you come bring a minnow basket. Upper Delaware eddies still below par as autumn weather, but chill on fishing but frost should make it hot; Jumbo spinners trailing hempy eels or night crawlers taking two- to four-pound walleyes in pool at Lackawanna but fish are moody; Lake Wallenpaupack should bust wide open with first frosts, due any day.

**ATLANTIC SALMON:** NEW BRUNSWICK: FP on Nashua, Cams, Trandee and Tabernacle rivers as heavy rains raised levels above good-fishing height but OG on Cams as fall run showed strongly last week with one 27-pounder killed; most successful flies are Copper Killer (brown), Black Doctor, Oriole and heather patterns on 7/6 hook. Tabernacle fish are in river but taking poorly. SC Sept. 30 on most rivers.

**STEELHEAD TROUT:** CALIFORNIA: Tagging operations in lower Sacramento River indicate best run of recent years in offing, and rains should start fast action as fish await high water in bottom pools. Klamath good near mouth; Trinity L, C, FG, OG; runs are expected momentarily in Kel, Gualala, Garcia and other minor coastal streams; SC March 1.

**OREGON:** Rogue River reports fair in good fishing from Grant's Pass downstream, with guide trips from the Pass to Gold Beach covering a lot of good water; river a L, C, OG with fly or spinning tackle. FG below McNary Dam at Umatilla on Columbia River which is L, C, OG for fly-fishing from bars.

**WASHINGTON:** Steelhead showing well in upper Columbia with 11-pound fish reported from mouth of Methow River.

**MICHIGAN:** Great fishing reported from northern coastlines; these steelhead over 30 pounds, many in 20s. Fish are thick in Stamp River but not much interest in flies or lures. Big fish taken in lower Fraser gill nets indicate South Thompson run will show shortly; try Spence's Bridge about Oct. 20.

**STRIPED BASS:** NEW YORK: Warm weather burned bass off Montauk beaches and into deep water but a southwest wind and cool weather should bring them back this week or next.

**MARSHWATER:** Hail is abundant around the outer Cape, Nantuxet and Martha's Vineyard and the main fall run should start shortly, with FG through October.

**RHODE ISLAND:** 42-pound striped taken last week at Eastern Point, Newport; school bass to 15 pounds are loitering around the Narragansett side of the bay but fishing is so-so.

**CALIFORNIA:** Fall migration of strippers out of San Pablo and Suisun Bays into the Delta is nearing peak, with bass smallish but cooperative and OG through November.

**PACIFIC SALMON:** CALIFORNIA: Trollers off Smith and Klamath rivers taking big silvers; party boats out of San Francisco scoring limits of fish to 40 pounds outside Golden Gate and in San Francisco Bay off Alcatraz; moonshiners doing only fair in lower Sacramento and San Pablo Bay.

**WASHINGTON:** Silver salmon run at fall peak in Straits of Juan de Fuca and Puget Sound with OG next week.

**BRITISH COLUMBIA:** Plenty of silvers off Campbell River and Agass Point but fishing is slow; Brown's Bay and Saanich Inlet producing well; Cowichan Bay in best prospect as outlook continues good in all areas.

**MARLIN:** NORTH CAROLINA: 39 fish reported raised off Hatteras last week as phenomenal bluish concentration continues off Dare County coast, with largest blue scaling 315 pounds at dock and total of 14 taken off Hatteras and Oregon Inlets to date this year.

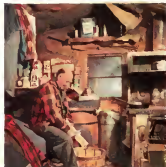


SMOKE SLANTS FROM CABIN OF WOODSMAN FRED WALKER AT GRAND LAKE, ME. HE HAS LIVED HERE 42 YEARS

## WOODSMOKE FROM OLD CABINS

by EDMUND WARE SMITH

PHOTOGRAPHS BY KORTI ROCHONAA



**I**N ALL MEN in some degree the wilderness wish exists, however hidden in the haste and habit of the world we make. For me, this wish is symbolized and fulfilled by log cabins I have known, built or lived in. I am thinking especially of certain remote cabins sequestered on the banks of rivers or the shores of little-known lakes. And there is one cabin in particular. . . .

This one is on the roadless shore of a lake in the wild, mountainous region north of Katahdin, in Maine. It is the realization of a very long, strong wilderness wish. My wife and I built this cabin, mostly with our own hands.

*(text continued)*

**WHITTILING BUSH PILOT** Elmer Wilson visits in cabin of one of the author's neighbors at Lost Pond, Me



**Whenever you see a family doing this...**



**they're generally thinking wonderful thoughts like these...**



**and they just can't wait to do this...**



**so they can get started doing this!**



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## WOODSMOKE *continued*

The view from its windows and the smoke from its chimney are a constant source of wonder and of warmth. The night sounds are music, the moose tracks a mysterious record in the dooryard. Six months a year for nearly 10 years this cabin has been our home—the only one for which we have ever been homesick. This is a score for the wilderness wish, or the log-cabin dream.

Every true wilderness cabin has a story. There is history in the slant of its stovepipe, the dents in its water pail, the scars in its chopping block, the footpaths in its dooryard, and in the very pitch of its roof.

Whether its purpose be for hunting, fishing, vacationing or living, the cabin itself and everything in it are by the hand of a man using age-honored tools. By the mark of his ax and the track of his chisel and plane, his designs have formed; and from his handiwork you surmise what manner of man he is, and something of his policies and dreams.

### BILLY GRAY'S CABIN

Such a cabin was Billy Gray's on the bank of the Nepisiguit River in northern New Brunswick. In a south wind the smoke from Billy's cabin had a peculiar lean to it. Drifting downward over the high bank of the river, the wind created strange drafts around the stovepipe, so that the smoke leaned outward in a long blue column before it vanished in the sky.

I have never laid eyes on Billy Gray. I've never known anyone who has. His cabin was old in 1930, when I saw it for the first and last time. But perhaps it still stands by the lonely river, a hard pail capping its chimney, rusted ax in the pine stump, tin cup hanging on an alder by the spring, and its windows like eyes in the wilderness.

Ollie Rodman and I beached our canoe at this cabin an hour ahead of a violent July thunderstorm. In the stillness before the storm a mass of flies hatched over the river, and we took eight fine trout on fan-wing Greenwell's Glories. It was classic dry-fly fishing on a classic river. And when the storm let loose, we took shelter in a classic log cabin.

It smelled of cedar, pitch and the smoke of untold fires which had burned in the ancient Wood & Bishop stove. The peeled-spruce wall logs, laid horizontally, were chinked with moss and river clay. The fir rafters and ridgepole, straight as masts, tapered imperceptibly; and each log was beautifully notched and fitted.

From the evidence in this long-abandoned cabin, Billy Gray had been a

trapper, hunter, lumberman, reveler and superb craftsman. His elaborate door latch was whittled artistically from pine. The pegs in his walls were as smooth as dowels. A pair of handmade snowshoe bows stood in a corner, the rawhide webbing eaten out by mice. A birch rolling pin and breadboard hung beside the stove. On a shelf were the plane and crooked knife with which Billy had shaped his cedar stretchers for fox and mink skins.

I found a lumberman's tally stick on the table. A tally stick is made of two thin flat pieces of wood the size of a man's hand. The pieces are riveted together at one end, so as to open and close like a fan. On the inner surface of the fan blades the tally of logs is marked in pencil. When a surface is covered, you shave off the pencil marks with a jackknife and start fresh.

I fanned the stick open and on one surface read: OS 819.

This meant that at some unknown logging dam a river boss had counted six cedar logs and 19 spruce running through his sluice gates.

The other surface of Billy's tally stick read as follows:

*October 2, 1907. Shot 2 caribou today. All have got drunk. I got drunk 2 time.*

Billy Gray.

The log cabin is such a powerful American symbol—so associated with the thought of Abraham Lincoln reading by firelight, with our freedom, the pioneer spirit, sport, trail's end, security, and rain on the roof—that it is hard to believe the first sills weren't hewed and laid by our own ancestors. Yet Pickering's *Homes of America* (Chapter One—*The Early Years*) makes it clear that the Swedes introduced the horizontal log cabin in Delaware more than 300 years ago. Copied by Virginia and Massachusetts traders, it spread over the continent.

### IN A LITTERED ALLEY

I have hunted and fished from log cabins, or sojourned in them, from Maine to Montana. Recently I saw the beginnings of a very fine cabin in a littered alley back of a street in the middle of the city of Highland Park, Michigan. This structure was the first fruition of the wilderness wish, or cabin dream, and the workmanship would wring your heart. Its two walls and half a roof were built by kids out of orange crates and secondhand tar paper. Those kids were beginning an adventure in what Henry Beston, in his *The Outermost House*, calls "touching the earth."



**HOME IN THE WOODS**, the Smiths relax on the porch of the log cabin he built.

Their earth was broken cement in an alley, and their wall logs were stamped "Sunkist Oranges." But the kids were dreaming of a peeled-spruce cabin on a lake with the wilderness reaching beyond and blue veils of smoke from their chimney drifting in the pines.

They could see a doe deer and spotted fawn on their sand beach, and by their imagined spring the tracks of a bear. To quell any anxiety stirred by these fierce footprints, the kids would have their wall pegs laden with Winchester; and by night they would lie in their bunks, listening to the bark of a fox in their forest, taking comfort under their own kind roof—and from the glint of moonbeams on their rifle barrels. I hope it comes true for them.

Now, in this Maine woods cabin where we live, I can see influences or reflections of some of the others. I remember a few of these cabins so vividly that I think I could walk into them in the dark after 30 years' absence and put my hand on the can opener, stove-lid lifter or water pail, first try.

The cabin on Sarpy Creek in Montana was of cottonwood logs, hewed square and chinked with mortar mixed with horsehair. It had a sod roof, and clay bits of earth dropped from the ceiling and struck the plank floor with a soft, tapping sound. The stove burned lodgepole pine and dried cow chips, and on the leather-hinged door was the skin of a coyote.

I remember this cabin as the scene of the most magnificent display of nonchalance I ever witnessed. A cowboy named Johnny Powers rode in from a neighboring ranch one night with two years' savings in double eagles in his money belt. I lay on my stomach in a top bunk, right over the poker table. In the light of the hanging lantern I could see Johnny Powers' hand of cards in the dramatic, crucial pot. It was a busted flush. He kept bluffing, raise after raise, and my heart hurt with suspense.

#### A FABULOUS MAN

I was 16, and I suppose Johnny was about 25; but to me he was a mature and fabulous man. He forced out every ranch hand in the cabin bunkhouse except old Clem Thornhill, the foreman. And he almost got Clem. The foreman started to toss in his hand, hesitated—and slowly moved five double eagles into the pot to cover Johnny's final \$100 bet.

"Call," he said.

Johnny grinned and waved his busted flush like a banner. Clem's two pairs took the table full of gold.

Johnny picked up his bridle and started out. He stopped in the doorway and waved good-naturedly to Clem, who was gazing at him with compassion and profound respect.

"So long, Clem—see you in two years," said Johnny. A puff of wind made the lantern flare, and he was gone.

I heard the quick hoofbeats of Johnny's pony, and the music of Johnny's laughter floating in the night. He had lost \$900 and he didn't give a damn. He was riding back to the ranch he'd just quit—for a couple more murderous winters of range riding, another stake, another game, another laugh.

There's a cabin of hand-hewn chestnut logs on a ridge above Shaver's Fork, a sprightly river in the mountains of West Virginia. Four of us were fishing this river for rainbows, and we were singing one night by our campfire when on the outer edges of the firelight we observed a semicircle formed by several pairs of very large, human feet. These feet were attached to five very tall mountain men, and each man carried a rifle.

Our man, Joe Messinger, wise in the ways of the mountain moonshiner, explained to our visitors that we were fishermen, not revenuers.

"Sing another song," demanded the tallest of the men.

We did, and luckily were all in good voice.

"No revenuer was ever happy enough to sing like that," said our tallest visitor. "Come up the ridge tomorrow. We're runnin' off a batch."

Their mountain dew was warm and breath-taking. So was the cabin where these men lived and where their grandfathers had lived. Its square-hewn walls were silver gray from a hundred years of sun and storm. Its roof was of split-cedar shakes, and its roof line the most beautiful I have ever seen. I tried to get a suggestion of this line into the roof of our own cabin, and the suggestion is there.

I suppose the perfect log cabin would be an impossible composite of some of



**SHADED SPRING**, with bucket ready, is part of every man's "wilderness wish."

that wonderful Oregon and Idaho timber; Maine's gun-barrel spruce and fir; the moonshiner's roof line, the roof covered with shakes split from British Columbia cedar. The floor would be of pine boards from New Hampshire, random widths from 8 to 20 inches. The sills should be hewed only by the greatest axmen, such as Pop Thornton—assisted by Al Nugent of Chamberlain Lake and the late Jake McCarran of Second Lake Mattingame.

The stove of this miracle cabin ought to be a Home Clarion by Messrs. Wood & Bishop, defunct, of Bangor; its ax a four-pound Snow & Nealley. The stovepipe would extend two feet above the ridge, guyed with haywire furnished by Charlie Mahar, of remote Trout Brook Farm.

The ornament placed over the doorway might be the tail of a coon clipped from Jim Bridger's cap, or a Wyoming elk antler, or the rack of the vast buck shot by Moryg Steen in Soper Logan near Al Foster's Wilderness Camps on Grand Lake, Penobscot, Maine.

Moryg's tall brother, Pat, should furnish the rifle to hang over the door on the inside wall. The tea pail will be

the work of Fred Walker, whose celebrated log cabin stands under the oak tree on the bank of the upper Penobscot River, East Branch. Fred's tea pail will be a large tin can, darkened by innumerable outdoor fires, its bail a twist of telephone wire borrowed by Fred from the Telos Dam Forest Service line.

In return for the privilege of building some pine kitchen cupboards for this cabin, I agree to cut, split and pile four cords of rock-maple stove wood.

I wish I knew the artisan who built the graceful, delicately tapering stone chimney for the cabin near a small mountain town called Society Hill, in South Carolina. This man would build our chimney and fireplace; and Jim King of Chatham, New Brunswick—a blacksmith who can still shoe a horse—would make the pothooks and andirons.

Every cabin has to have a mouse, and my candidate is the little white-foot who gnawed the leather bindings of the Temple Edition of Shakespeare on the shelf in our Maine cabin.

#### SMOKE, A SPRING, AND RAIN

The smoke from the chimney should have a lean to it, as from the stovepipe of Billy Gray's Nepisiguit River masterpiece. Back of the cabin there must be a cold spring, the path to it pressed by the feet of someone who looks twice at the fiddlehead ferns and later, in some crowded city, remembers the beauty of the ferns, and the yank of the water pail as he dipped it full from the spring. Lastly, the sound of rain on the roof shall bring respite from the conspiracies of civilization, and peace to the souls of far wandering men...

The first cabin I helped build stands under towering white pines 37 steps from the shore of Third Chain Lake, Hancock County, Maine. We built of peeled spruce, and the roof is tar paper. The floor sags a little around the stove, and the door is scarred by the teeth of generations of inquiring porcupines.

I remember Third Chain Cabin for the sound of a big tree falling in a dead-still night; for the white buck Henry Dennison shot at 10 o'clock one November morning; for the starlight shining through the kitchen skylight; for the time the mice woke us up playing on a stack of tin plates, and Pop Thornton said:

"Leave 'em be. They're roller skatin'."

I remember this cabin as a haven of rest after the long, hard canoe trip from the main camp on Dobbs Lake. At Third Chain we unloaded and stacked our canned goods on the shelves we'd built. We hung our deer rifles on the



wall, whittled a tinder stick of cedar to start the first fire in the stove, filled the kettle and cooked the evening meal.

One time we got in lame and exhausted, soaked through with icy rain. Pop Thornton gazed at his reflection in a cracked piece of mirror stuck between two logs, and said:

"I don't feel very good lookin'—but I know I am."

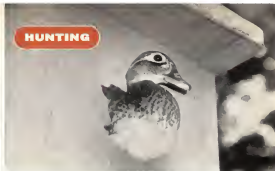
Pop's face is as sound and long as an ax handle, and it has enough wrinkles to hold a week's rain. I learned how to use an ax from watching Pop, but even today—at 72—he can cover me with chips and consternation.

He showed me everything I know about using edged tools and scribing a board to fit around the intricate curves of a log-cabin wall. All the time we were building our home cabin I thought of Pop and was beholden to him. One of the greatest compliments I ever had was last September when Pop visited us and saw our cabin for the first time. He took up a level and rule and laid them all over the place. Then he looked at me sorrowfully, and said:

"You're a quarter of an inch out."

Suddenly tears showed in his pale blue eyes; and, speaking as though for my wife and me, almost as if we were his children, he came out astonishingly with a quotation he must have learned 60 years ago in the church of some tiny, wood-burning hamlet in his native Maine. It was from *The Song of Solomon*.

*"Behold, These are fair, my beloved, yea pleasant; also our bed is green. The beams of our house are of cedar, and our rafters of fir."*



A WOOD DUCK SQUEEZES FROM ENTRANCE OF A HOUSE PROVIDED FOR IT BY HUNTERS

## RETURN OF A NATIVE

by ERWIN A. BAUER

SEVERAL decades ago the future seemed grim for the wood duck. Once plentiful, this handsome pond bird became so rare that it seemed likely it would become extinct. By 1918 shooting it was outlawed in Canada and the U.S.

But strangely enough, the hunting gun was not the decimator of the wood duck. Rather, it was the victim of the logger's ax and the advance of civilization. Unlike other ducks the bird nests in the cavities of great old trees. As these disappeared the wood duck disappeared too—until sportsmen and conservationists began cooperating in a housing project unique in the history of wildlife restoration.

An unknown wildfowl biologist had made a significant discovery: wood ducks would nest in artificial homes placed in trees. Soon a few man-made duck dwellings were erected in several states as experimental projects. Like free-loading relations, the colorful ducks moved in, often in preference to natural den-sites in hollow trees. Eventually fish and game departments (such as Illinois, Ohio, Massachusetts, Iowa, Indiana) authorized statewide programs that scattered thousands of boxlike duck houses across the country.

The first models were made from bark-covered slabs. Plenty of woodies applied, but a bumper crop of predators were close behind, so production of ducklings wasn't too encouraging.

Cooms and possums were easy to handle. Biologists merely cut a smaller entrance, one that was form-fitting for an average hen. Squirrels were a little more difficult. All sorts of flanges and

deflectors nailed to the box failed to discourage them, so the houses were finally erected over water, preferably on a metal post or pipe.

Game technicians in Ohio experimented with multiple housing units and found them effective on broadwater lakes and small ponds. But the latest in deluxe apartments is one recently developed in Illinois by biologists Louis Ellebrecht and Frank Bellrose. They added a wooden floor and a racoon-proof entrance to a 24-inch section of 12-inch galvanized cold-air pipe. The roof is an inverted metal cone. Average cost: \$50.

While conservation agencies worked to perfect the boxes, sportsmen across the country built the newest models and distributed them wholesale. A typical club in Ironton, Ohio purchased scrap lumber and nails. Students in high-school manual arts classes assembled them. Then, on off-season Sundays, work parties spotted them on lakes, ponds and streams.

Results have been amazing, for the return of wood ducks has been as steady as their decline once was. In 1941, 15 states enjoyed the first open season in 23 years. A year later it was extended to most other states.

In the past decade, woodies have become accustomed to civilization. Now they've contracted America's new mania for settlement living. Broods were raised for seven consecutive years in a box less than 50 feet from a farm in Indiana. Other females living beside farm ponds have been undismayed by fishermen around them.

Welcome back, woodies.

IT'S ILLEGAL...



...to catch mice without a hunting license in Cleveland, Ohio. (But in Florida there is an open season on the ordinary house cat.)



**GAY NINETIES** bathers strike a more or less self-conscious pose at Lake Otsego, Cooperstown, N.Y.



**VISITING FIREMEN** from Unadilla, N.Y. charge up Cooperstown's Main Street at Firemen's Tournament August 22, 1913.



**HIGH WHEELERS**, shown here in two models, spin along a road in 1885. Large front wheel was more popular.



**PROUD FOOTBALLERS** of Cooperstown High line up before a screen for 1906 picture. Five players are still alive.

## **YESTERDAY**

# **PUTT'S ALBUM**

Born in Cooperstown, N.Y. in 1859 and still living there, Putt Telfer has recorded village sport scenes for 75 years

by JOHN DURANT



**ARTHUR J. TELFER**

ARTHUR J. (Putt) Telfer, who got his nickname 50 years ago because of the "putt-putt" sound made by his motorboat on Cooperstown's Lake Otsego, began snapping pictures in 1878 and kept on snapping for 75 years. Putt started out with a homemade camera, used a wet plate made of window glass and developed his pictures in a portable horse-drawn dark room. Later he used dry plate but it was not until the 1930s that he reluctantly switched to film. He still says that glass beats film all hollow and will show anyone who argues the point pictures taken during Hayes's Administration to prove it. In 75 years Putt covered every phase of village life such as sports, weddings, parades, fires, group pictures and portraits. He accumulated nearly 100,000 glass negatives. Stored in a barn and forgotten for years, the negatives were rescued in 1950 by the N.Y. State Historical Association at Cooperstown where a collection of 200 prints are now on permanent exhibition. Examples of his work in recording village sports scenes are shown on these pages.



**SINGLE SCULLER** at the turn of the century cleaves the waters of Lake Otsego, made famous by novelist James Fenimore Cooper as the Glimmerglass.



**CROQUET PLAYERS** of the late '70s pursue the game on a plot of land on Main Street, Cooperstown, now occupied by the First National Bank.



**BASEBALL PLAYERS** were caught in motion by Platt Telfer in 1919 on the hallowed ground where Abner Doubleday supposedly invented the sport.



**VILLAGE TUMBLERS**, with a mustachioed Professor Martin as low man in the pyramid, strut their stuff on the sidewalk in 1900.



**MIXED DOUBLES** reflects the decorous nature of tennis in early days.

## THE BOATS HAVE THEIR DAY

Design determines the winners in One-of-a-Kind races

by ROBERT N. HAVIER JR.

It isn't often that a sailboat gets a chance to win a race purely on her own. Racing in classes or under handicaps, the skill of the skipper usually wins the decision. But recently, on the classic waters of Long Island Sound, the sailboat had her day in a unique annual race in which boat design was racing for the honors. It was a colorful and variegated meeting at the Riverside Yacht Club, with 27 different craft ranging from 14 feet to 38 feet over-all, all starting together in the third "One-of-a-Kind" Series conceived by *Yachting* magazine to determine the fastest boats and give new designs a chance to test their speed against established classes. And the results, to many, were surprising.

There were boats from Texas, Florida and Wisconsin, from Canada and England and points in between—nationally known types like the Lightning, Snipe, Thistle, International 14, International 110, International 210; the Herreshoff S, Highlander and others. There were newcomers like the 5-0-5 of English design, the Jolly, Flying Dutchman, Buccaneer, Rebel 22, Windmill, Fireball and Catamaran 20. And there were the fabulous Scows from Wisconsin, the strange and speedy craft which Midwest sailors swear by but which few Easterners know.

### A REAL LINE ON SPEED

The 27 skippers read like a nautical *Who's Who*. There was a national champion in almost every boat, so that the stage was set to get a real line on the fastest craft. The races were timed two ways—on elapsed time to show up pure speed, and on corrected time after applying handicaps to compensate for differences in hull design and sail area. Even the weather was right for the test—two of the races were held in light winds, one in moderate going, and one boomed along in a howling southerly which was a trial of seaworthiness as well as speed.

It was a strange and fascinating

contest. Small and large, most of the boats seemed to go faster than sailboats are supposed to go; and many of the smaller craft flitted right past their larger rivals. Two boats, entirely different in size and appearance, stood out when the returns were in, and their differences accentuated the striking qualities of design.

The big winner on corrected time was the 5-0-5, designed and built in England. Her name is derived from her over-all length of 5.05 meters, or 16½ feet. A featherweight craft, delicate-looking both in hull and rig, she proved to have the deceptive stamina of a true thoroughbred. She had the appearance almost of an overgrown dinghy, with a pronounced flare to her topsides designed to keep spray out and give her two-man crew a comfortable and efficient seat. "She looks like a deep-dish Martini," said Eric Olsen, her skipper for the series, "but will she go?" He and Glen Foster, his crew, soon found out—the 5-0-5 skimmed along to total score of 101 points to 88 for the runner-up Thistle, and 84 for the Highlander and International 14 which split third place.

The fastest boat on elapsed time, to no Midwesterner's surprise, was a 38-foot Class A Scow that looked like a piece of floating sidewalk. Broad, low and flat, with 485 square feet of sail not counting her huge 1700-square-foot spinnaker, she carried her skipper, Bill Grunow Jr. of Lake Geneva, Wis., out in front of the fleet in each of the four races. Easterners who didn't believe a Scow could go fast to windward were amazed to see the big A making most of her margin on the weather leg, scooting past the hottest fleet of day racers



THE CLASS A SCOW "VAL-LO-WILL" WAS THE FASTEST BOAT

ever assembled. The Scow bent, among others, a 38-foot catamaran carrying even more sail, and beat it so convincingly that she settled once and for all the controversy as to which type has more speed. Even on the reaches, the one point of sailing a catamaran excels on, the Scow drew away.

In the last race Grunow fouled another boat, was protested and disqualified, and so lost the elapsed-time prize and second place on corrected time. But the A's smaller, 28-foot sister, an E Scow, won first, and Grunow was not a bit dismayed. "We came East to show that the Scows are the fastest boats in the world," he said, "and we proved the point."

### CLASSES OF THE FUTURE?

None who watched the series could dispute his claim, but it was equally evident that some of the smaller new centerboarders such as the 5-0-5, Thistle, Highlander, International 14 and Jolly were in the same league after allowing for the difference in size. Most evident of all was the fact that the popular national classes such as the Lightning, 110, 210 and Snipe, though good boats, were far outclassed in speed by the newer types which may well be the classes of the future. As Bud Hutchinson, the K-boat skipper, said after coming in next to last: "I always thought K-boats were real fast. I still think they're fine little boats—but that's all."

## OLDEST CHAMPION

Sirs:

Frank Erne is dead at 79 (SCOREBOARD, Sept. 27). He was the oldest living of the former boxing champions. Erne, born Jan. 8, 1876, was the only Switzerland-born ringsman ever to win a world's pugilistic title. The late Saginaw Kid, Georgie Lavigne, lost his championship to Erne in 29 rounds, July 3, 1899, at Buffalo, N.Y. On May 15, 1902, "The Old Master," the Philadelphia (not Baltimore) born Joe Gans, won the diadem by knocking out Erne in 45 seconds. It marked the quickest knockout ever recorded in a championship fight in any division. It was an ironic defeat for Erne because in 1900 he won in 12 rounds from Gans who simply quit when the going became too tough.

At the start of 1953, James J. Jeffries was the oldest living of the boxing ex-kings. Three Jays, however, died March 3, 1953, just 43 days before his 78th birthday. Now, with the passing of Erne, the oldest living of the onetime divisional chieftains is the Canadian-born Tommy Burns—correct name, Noah Brusso—born in Hanover, Canada, June 17, 1881 and who will be 74 next June. Burns, incidentally, was the smallest boxer ever to win the heavyweight title. The Canadian, who won the crown from the late Marvin Hart in 20 rounds at Los Angeles, Feb. 28, 1906, was only 5 feet 7 inches in height.

CHARLIE VACHINES

New York



LIGHTWEIGHT CHAMPION FRANK ERNE

• Frank Erne died September 17th in Manhattan. Eight years ago Erne was able to enjoy reading his own obituaries when a California chef, who had impersonated the old champion for years, was run over by an automobile, with Erne's faded newspaper clippings in his pocket.

A onetime teacher of boxing at Yale, Erne claimed to have introduced the sport to France by promoting Saturday-night bouts in Paris. But he was not the victim of the quickest knock-

out on record. It took Joe Gans (who indeed was born in Philadelphia) one minute and forty seconds to finish off Erne. In 1943 in Glasgow, Jackie Paterson K.O'd Peter Kane in one minute, one second for the flyweight title. The oldest surviving ex-champion is now Jack Root, born in 1876, who outpointed Kid McCoy, April 22, 1903, for the first light-heavyweight championship.—ED.

## HOLT'S HOMER

Sirs:

SI, Sept. 5 contained a number of paintings by Winslow Homer. Among them was the "Adirondack Guide." I have been informed that the subject in this painting is my great-grandfather, Harvey Holt of Keene Valley, New York. Two other paintings by Homer using the same subject are in the Art Institute of Chicago and the Los Angeles County Museum.

ROBERT F. HOLT

Storrs, Conn.



GREAT-GRANDFATHER HOLT

• The Boston Museum of Fine Arts, owner of the picture, recognized Mr. Holt's great-grandfather, whom SI thought might have been Old Mountain Phillips, another of Homer's regular guides. See cut for another likeness of Homer's Holt.—ED.

## THE TRUE SPIRIT

Sirs:

As a young British visitor to the U.S. and an admirer from the first number of your colorful and international magazine, I was surprised to see (SI, Sept. 20) a photograph with the following caption: "HARDEST SMOKE IN BASEBALL came after second game when Cleveland Indians threw taunts at the beaten Yankees as they marched off."

Do you think it is true sportsmanship to throw taunts at the team you have just beaten? In England, at Repton, my public school (in U.S. terms a prep school), when and if we beat our opponents, at say soccer, our captain gives three cheers for the losers and they respond by giving three cheers for the winners. I don't think that jeering your opponent after a well-played game on both sides is the thing to do, either here or in America, and I have never seen it done. In my mind that is not true sportsmanship. Compactly, which is the true spirit of

sportsmanship? Cheering or jeering the losers off the field?

TIMOTHY TETLOW

Derbyshire, England

• SI's home-grown baseball editor has rarely seen the losers jeered by anyone other than opposing fans. On the other hand, he finds it hard to imagine, say, Phil Rizzuto leading the Yanks in three hip, hip, hurrahs for the victorious Indians. What the beaten Yanks heard that day was the taunt of "choke-ups," up to then a label pinned exclusively on the hapless Indians in three consecutive pennant drives that failed.—ED.

## VERSATILE CORNY

Sirs:

I enjoyed the Windi story on the U.S. Amateur immensely. It is great to see a complete job done on an event of this kind, in comparison to the sketchy type of reports that we get from the papers and other periodicals. Incidentally, too, I thought Bob Bavier's story on Lexie Mertz (SI, Sept. 20) was wonderful. It was done in a very sparkly fashion, and I think would be interesting reading for anyone, let alone those with yachting interests.

Congratulations again on the magazine. It is sensational and so pleasant and engaging to read.

CORNELIUS SHIELDS

New York



SAILOR SHIELDS OUT OF CHARACTER

• To those who know Corny Shields as one of the great sailors of all time (North American sailing champion) SI is glad to report success in an old hobby (see cut); Shields, for 12 years an indifferent golfer, recently posted his first hole in one at the Winged Foot (New York) Golf Club. To Corny himself, a special pat on the back.—Ed.

## SNAKE BITE

Sirs:

I would like to clarify the emergency directions outlined for snake bite in your

"You Should Know" article in the September 30th issue of SI.

The article states that a tourniquet should be used. This procedure is incorrect. Instead, a constrictor should be applied. This can be a string or a handkerchief and it should be tied about 1½" above the wound. The purpose of this constrictor is to stop the flow in the lymph vessels which lie just below the skin. It should be tied just tight enough to dent the skin. This string is not a tourniquet, nor should a tourniquet be used. Blood flow should not be stopped.

JACK W. McELROY

District Forest Ranger

Davy Crockett National Forest  
Groveton, Texas

● Ranger McElroy is on the right track on methodology, lost on nomenclature. "... A tourniquet should be applied at once ... tightly enough to increase venous congestion and impede lymphatic drainage but not so tightly as to cut off arterial blood supply," says Harrison's *Principles of Internal Medicine*. —ED.

#### CHERRY BOBBER

Sirs:

Upon my return from a trip through the Northwest, I found the first four issues of SI.

In FISHERMAN'S CALENDAR in the third issue, you referred to the Steel Head fishing on the Gravel Bar on the Columbia River near Longview, Washington, with a cherry bobber.

I was there apparently at the time your article was being written.

It is real sport but you have to get out there early because that is anybody's Gravel Bar. If you want to get enough room to throw that cherry bobber out in the river, you have to be there by 5:30 when they are hitting. ...

SAM G. VANDERWIDE

San Antonio

#### DOUBLE CHAMPION

Sirs:

Apologies your picture (SI, Sept. 20) showing the 1954 Junior Wightman Team,



DEVLIN SISTERS VICTORIOUS

you may be interested to learn that Judy Devlin is the world's champion ladies singles and ladies doubles badminton player. She won both titles at the All England Badminton Championships in London this spring and then returned to the United

States to win both the singles and doubles national championships at Niagara Falls. She also currently holds the national junior singles title. She shares the All England and the senior U.S. doubles championships with her sister, Susan. Incidentally, their father, J. Frank Devlin, is considered one of England's greatest badminton players, having won many All England titles in the past.

Pasadena

#### WORLD RECORD

Sirs:

I wrote to you (19TH HOLE, Oct. 4) giving the highlights on a huge halibut that it was my good fortune to land on August 9, 1954.

I have on this date received from the National Spin Fishing Association, a letter advising me that the catch has been officially entered in their records as a new world record.

With this letter they also sent me a certificate which was inscribed as follows:

"This is to certify that C. A. Comstock now holds the 10 Pound Line Class World's Record for Halibut (62 lbs. 8 ozs.) as of the date below inscribed (August 9, 1954)." Signed—

Gene C. Mendenhall, President

Ruth P. Hilton, Secretary

This entire matter may or may not be of any interest to you, however, you can no doubt realize that it is one of the high spots of my life.

Portland, Ore.

C. A. COMSTOCK

#### MINOR CHAMPION

Sirs:

Tucked away in the SCOREBOARD column of SI, Sept. 20, under table tennis was the item that Erwin Klein, Los Angeles, had

defeated John Semmel for the Canadian Open Championship. Although table tennis is a minor sport in this country (crowds of 10,000 watched the World Championships in London's Empire Pool Arena last April), nevertheless 16-year-old Klein deserves considerably more recognition from SI. His amazing accomplishments at Toronto include:

1. Winning the Junior Men's Singles, the Men's Open Singles and a share in the Men's Open Doubles and Mixed Doubles.
2. Becoming the youngest player ever to win the Canadian Open (this annual event has been held since 1936).
3. The first to win four major titles in a national or international table tennis tournament held in North America.

SI WASSERMAN

President

California Table Tennis Assn.

Los Angeles



COMPETITOR KLEIN

#### THE BRAVE GENTLEWOMEN

Sirs:

Your writer who penned that cute little piece about Miss McCormick (SI, Sept. 20) should get some sort of medal for misquoting ... the facts.

continued on p. 88



"Bronson go in for Marble—broken shoulder strap!"





Bob Mathias

## ***We were there ...and won!***



Jesse Owens

The names of America's Olympic greats are easily remembered. Because the men and women we have sent to past Olympic Games have always given us something to remember them by. Jesse Owens' four gold medals at Berlin . . . Bob Mathias' decathlon record at Helsinki . . . Andrea Mead Lawrence's historic "double" in women's skiing. In recalling past triumphs we can all be reminded of a simple fact about any U. S. Olympic victory; we won because we were there, and . . .

## ***We must be there . . . To Win!***

In 1956 America will again take the field in Melbourne, Australia against the world's best. Some of these nations will be very tough to beat. For in an effort to insure victory, many countries, especially those behind the Iron and Bamboo curtains, have entered "government-subsidized" teams. Whether these nations are defeated depends in large part upon you—and every American who would rather see the Stars and Stripes hoisted above the victor's stand. You can count on the men and women we send to Melbourne to perform brilliantly—if they are there. But it takes money to get them there. Which is why LIFE is joining with the Olympic Committee to urge you to . . .

## ***Support Your Olympic Team Fund!***



Andrea Mead Lawrence

Congress has authorized President Eisenhower to declare October 16th to be National Olympic Day. Bob Hope in his October 12th nation-wide telecast is giving his far reaching and effective support. Throughout the country, local civic groups, spearheaded by the Junior Chambers of Commerce—have actively begun to raise funds. Many are helping. But everybody can help. And you can do your share by mailing a contribution, large or small, to the Fund's Chicago headquarters, today.

### **U. S. OLYMPIC TEAM FUND**

542 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago 10, Illinois

Here's my contribution—made payable to United States Olympic Team Fund.

Name

Address

City  State

3480

(1) By any definition, either Spanish, Mexican or Hemingway, bullfighting is not a sport but a spectacle.

(2) Patricia is a good killer of bulls; in fact it is probably the best thing she does in the ring. The killing of a bull with a sword does not need a two-hundred-pound man; most of the fine killers have been men who were no larger than Miss McCormick.

(3) As for using inferior weapons, the most effective method ever invented to kill trout is TNT but that can also wound.

(4) Mr. Hemingway's wonderful book was written in 1932 and at that time there was no great woman bullfighter. Later appeared that great woman Miss Conchita Cintron, who at one time was not allowed to fight on foot in Spain, perhaps because she was too good and the men did not want to be compared to her. There is now a young woman in Mexico by the name of Juanita Aparicio who has bested many of the men of the same experience. All three of these young women are gentlewomen from fine families and to have them compared to female wrestlers is to say the least, poor taste.

(5) As to women putting on the tight pants of the matador; yes, it seems to be the fashion in the streets of the United States, but in the ring women never wear the suit of lights. They wear the sheet



SEÑORITA CINTRON IN RING

horseman's costume of Spain and this is very much in evidence in your picture.

I don't think this job will earn you many tawdry readers, and if it had appeared in a Mexican sports paper the writer would be sporting a fine shiner by this date.

ROBERT M. CROWELL

Cardiff, Calif.

● Let those who will, "define" bullfighting. The Encyclopedia Britannica

calls it "the national sport of Spain." Webster sees it as a "spectacle" and Hemingway finds it a ritualistic "tragedy." The Spanish do not apply the phrase "deporte," meaning sports, to bullfighting, and Madrid papers carry bullfighting news and columns in their art sections. And art it is to all aficionados, whether Spanish or Mexican. SI agrees, believes that art may also be sport, but does not believe that either art or sport should be degraded to mere spectacle. Reader Crowell is correct in stating that female "bullfighters" (with the exception of Mexico's La Serranita) are not seen in the *traje de liras*. There was no great woman bullfighter in 1932 and there is none today.

Señorita Cintron, the Chilean-born daughter of U.S. citizens, has fought her bulls as a *rejoneadora* in *el rejoneo*—a mounted version of the bullfight which comes down from the days of the cavaliers. Señorita Aparicio is a brave girl who does not drink or smoke; this does not necessarily entitle her to fight bulls.—ED.



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